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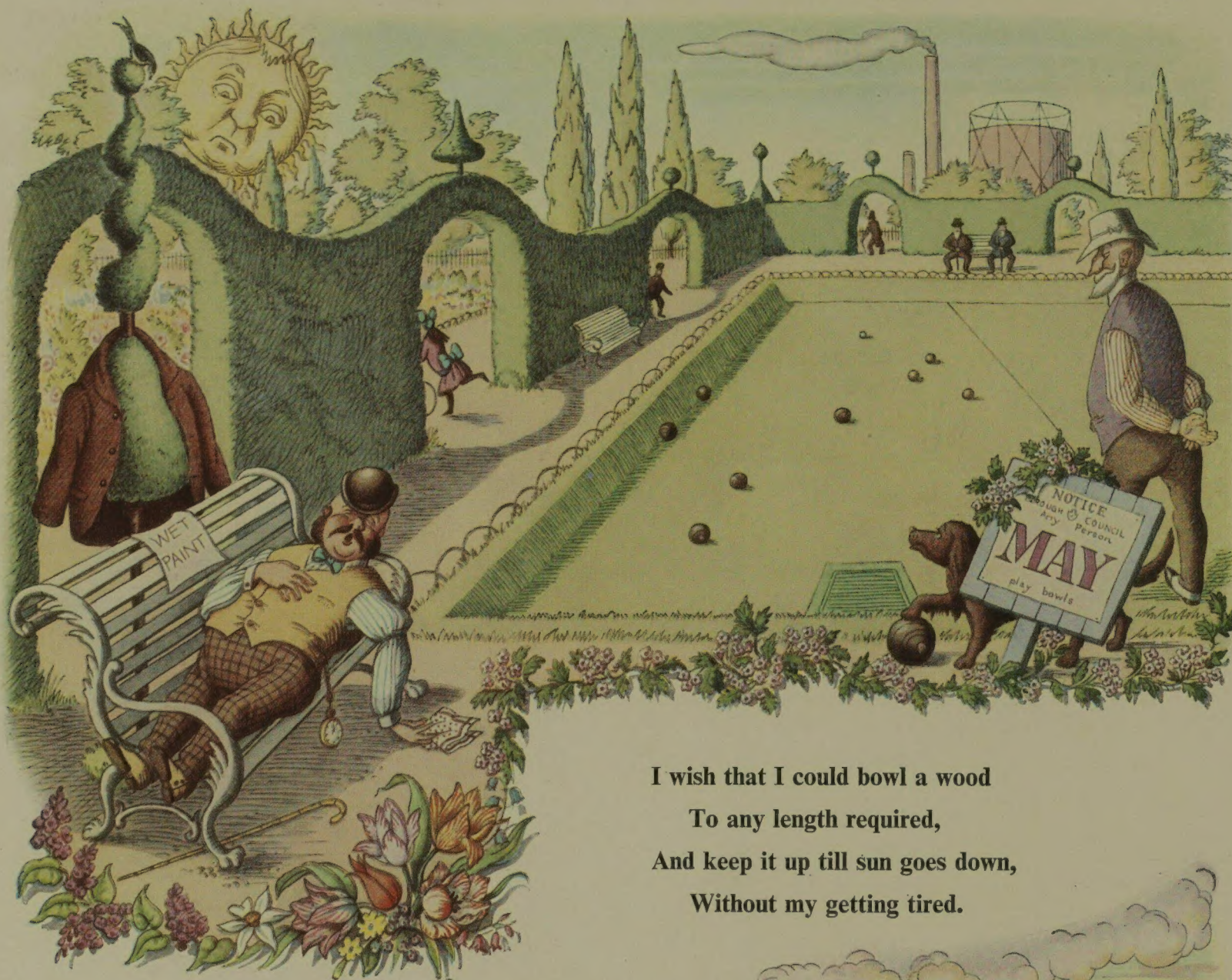


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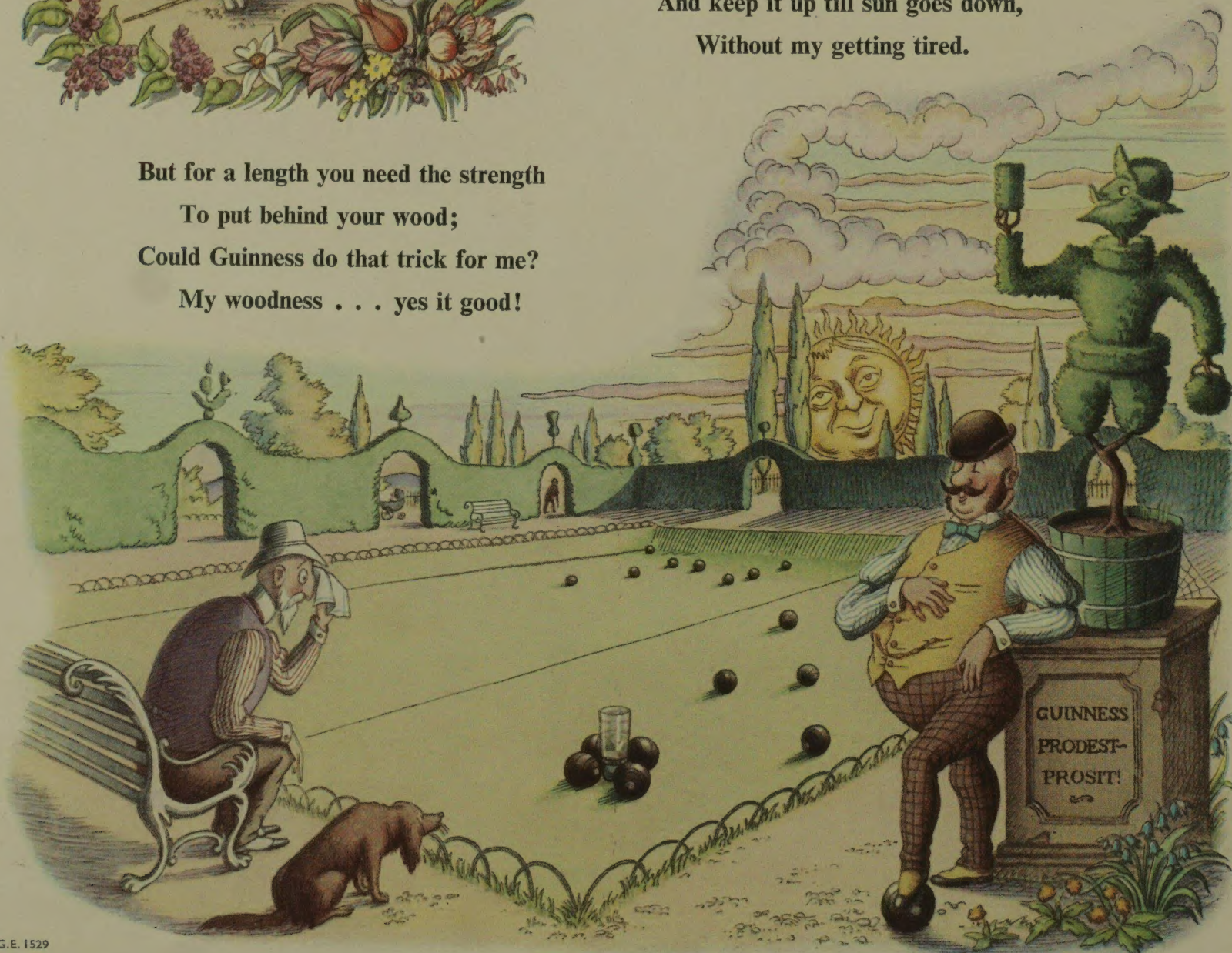
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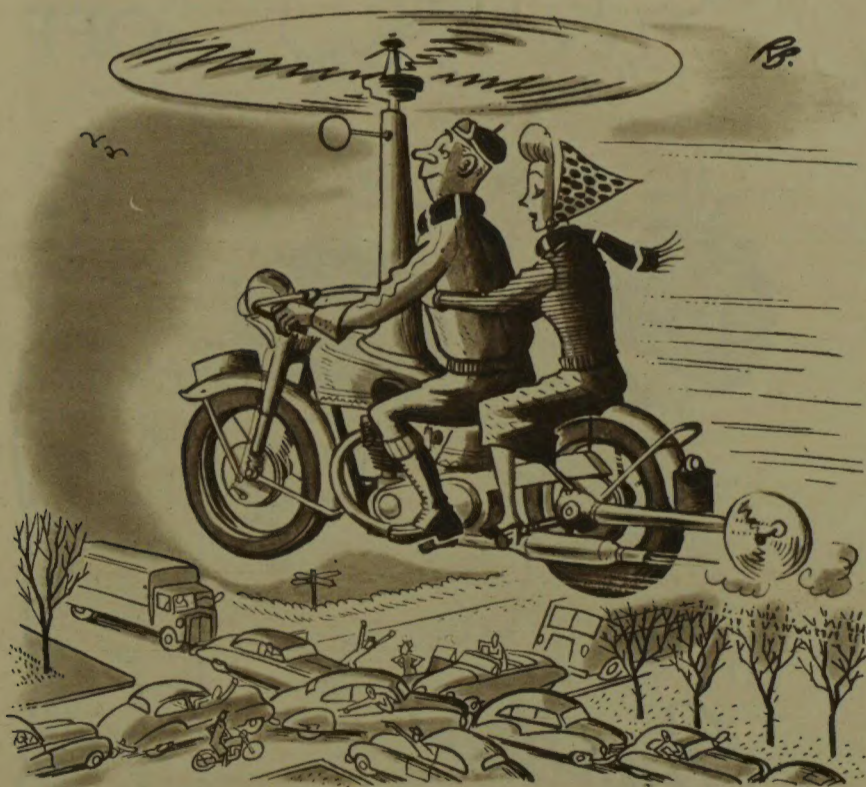
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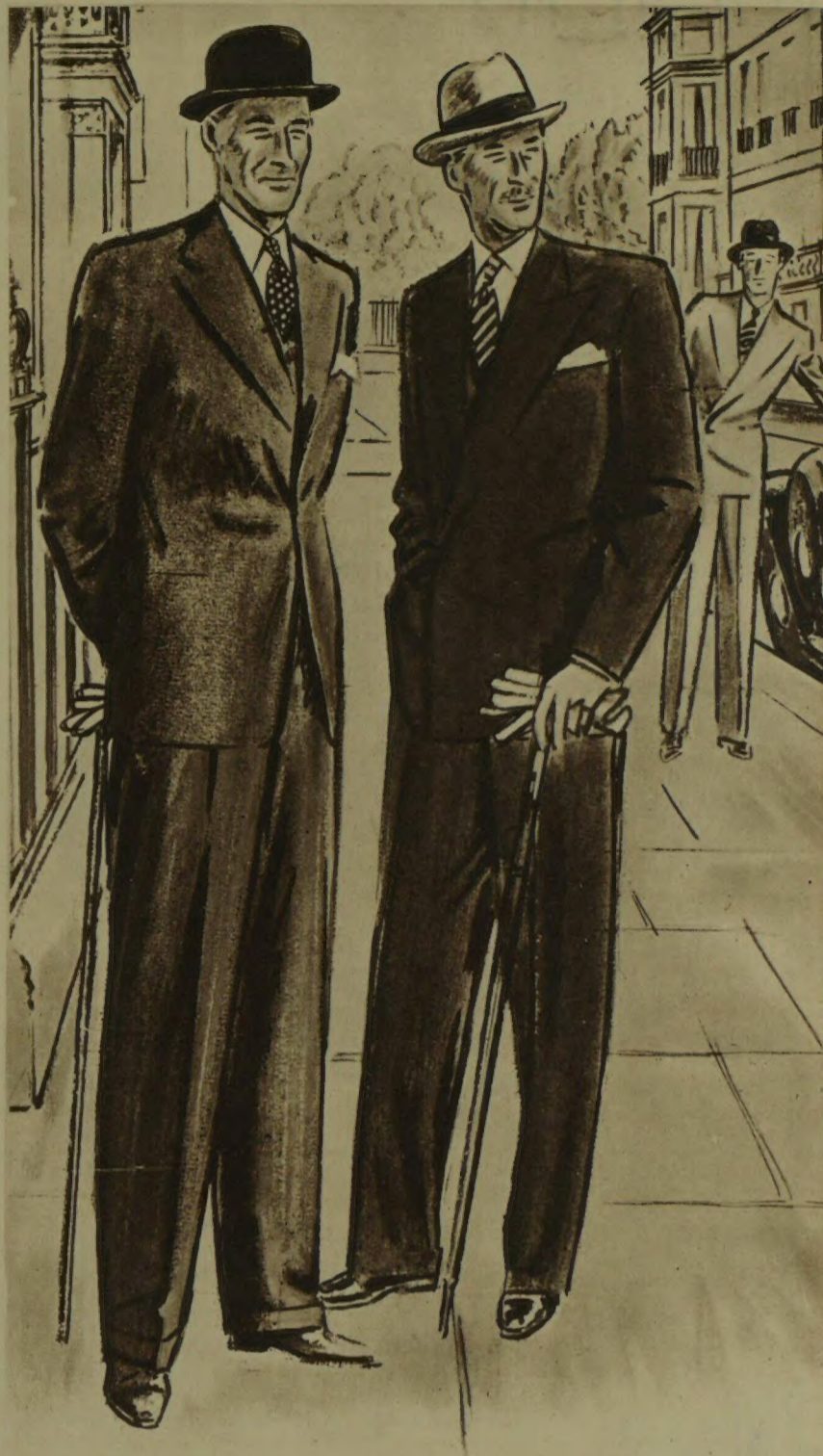
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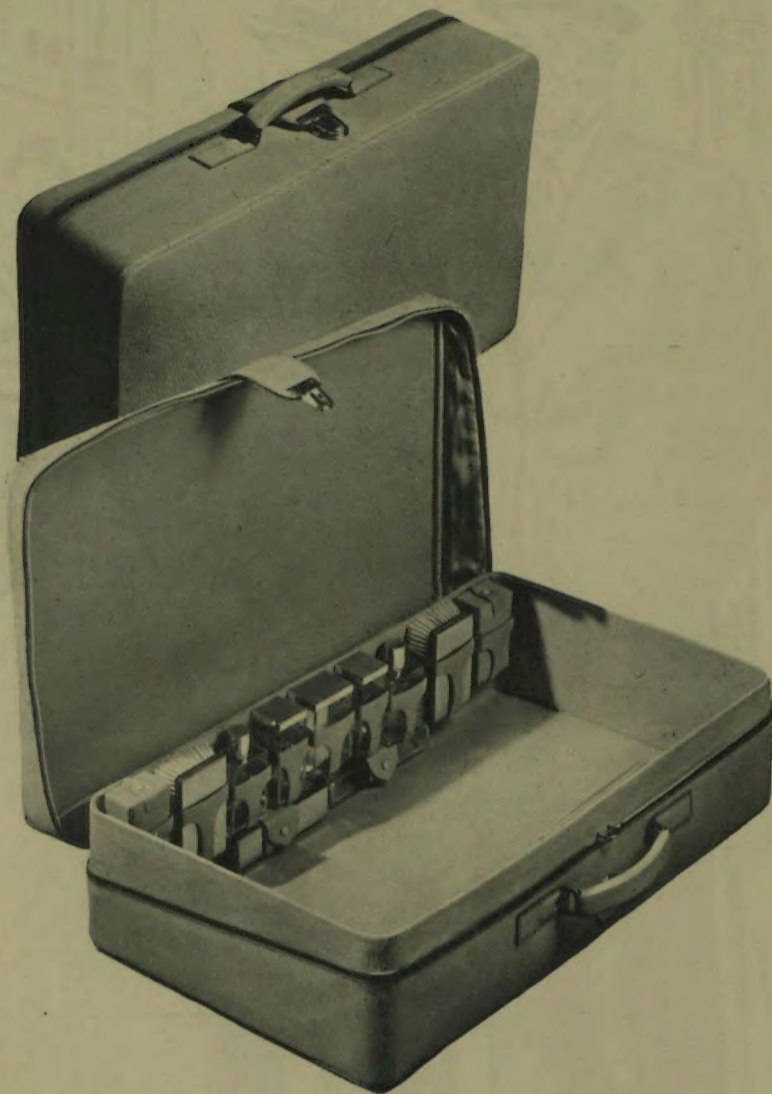
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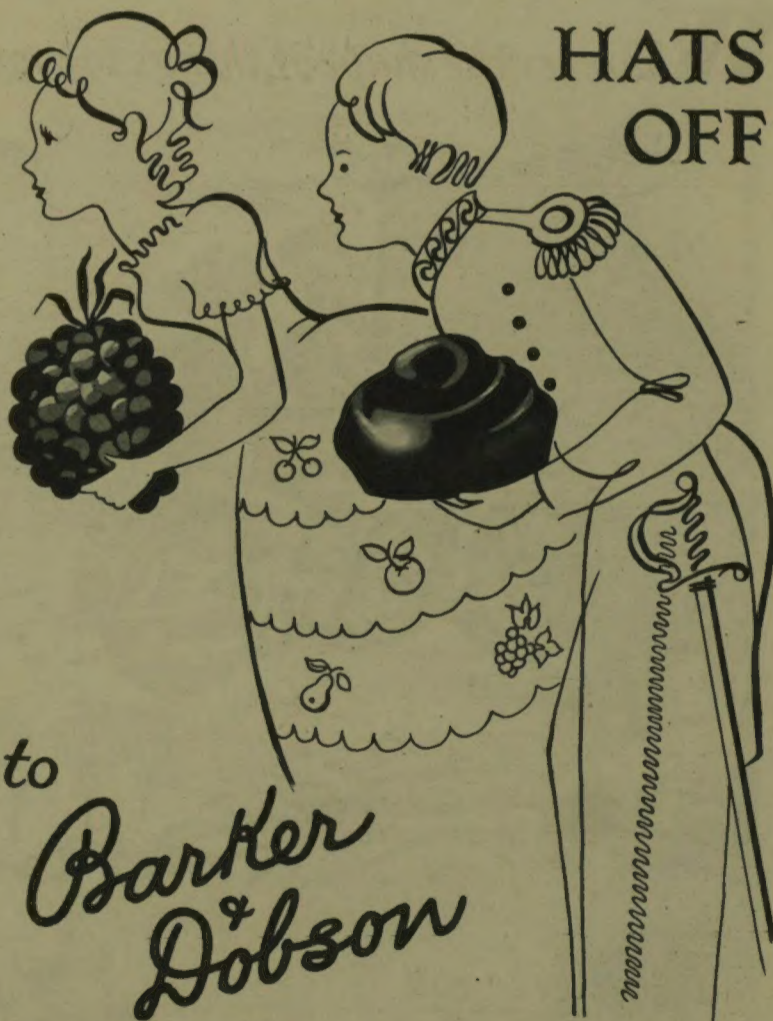


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SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1950.



HER MAJESTY AT THE MIDDLE TEMPLE: THE QUEEN ATTENDING GRAND DAY DINNER ON MAY 9th WITH, ON HER IMMEDIATE RIGHT, MR. DEAN ACHESON, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE.

Her Majesty the Queen, who is ex-Treasurer of the Middle Temple, attended Grand Day dinner with the Benchers and distinguished guests in Middle Temple Hall on May 9. On her immediate right at the high table was Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, who had arrived in London that morning. On the Queen's left sat Sir Henry MacGeagh, K.C., Master Treasurer, Middle Temple. In our issue of May 6 we reproduced a painting by Terence Cuneo which showed a unique Royal occasion in Middle Temple Hall when the King

and Queen, as Treasurers of the Inner Temple and the Middle Temple respectively, presided at a joint dinner of the Masters of the Bench of both honourable societies. Some idea of the accuracy of Mr. Cuneo's detail can be appreciated by comparing his picture with the photograph on this page. Middle Temple Hall, a fine Elizabethan chamber of 1562-73, is used as a dining-hall for the Benchers, barristers and students. It contains a table, called the Cup Board, which was made from the timbers of Drake's ship, the *Golden Hind*.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

LONDON'S Army Day, on the first Sunday in May, was not held in very May-like weather. There was a dull, overcast sky, a persistent drizzle, and a great deal of mist. Many of England's greatest battles were fought, I recalled, in this kind of weather, though I noticed that the military authorities, who would presumably not have called off a battle because of a little rain, cancelled the drumhead service. However, they allowed the march through Hyde Park to stand, and it was all that anyone who takes pride in the military tradition of England could ask. The Army, or its representatives, did the rest.

What I particularly liked about this march was that, unlike the Victory Parade in 1946, it was principally a display of infantry. Every arm of the Army is indispensable; everyone in it contributes equally to the well-being and ultimate fighting capacity of the whole, even those—now principally ladies—who only stand and wait, and who, incidentally, put up a most smart and soldier-like show in the march. But the old phrase that the infantry is the Queen of the Battlefield is true, always has been true and is likely, so long as wars continue, to remain true. The weapons with which infantry fight change, so do the means of transport. Sometimes infantry travel by train, sometimes by bus, sometimes by carrier, sometimes by aircraft; sometimes they even float through the air, like the young lady on the flying trapeze, on parachutes. Foot-slogging is not the only, or even the indispensable, rôle of infantry. The infantry is rather the arm that carries the heaviest load on the battlefield and, by carrying it, exerts the heaviest pressure. The supreme quality of the infantryman is the capacity to endure: to suffer punishment and to inflict it. "The Lord gets his best soldiers," said Spurgeon, "out of the highlands of affliction." The infantry are realists: they live and fight, like farm-workers and coal-miners, close to reality. If they are sons of Mars, they are also sons of Martha. Like the soldiers in Housman's poem: "They stood and earth's foundations stay"!

The primacy of British infantry has long been acknowledged by students of war. "The British infantry are the best in the world," wrote Marshal Bugeaud—and, as he had fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, he was not without first-hand knowledge of the subject—but, added, not ungratefully: "Fortunately, there are not many of them." In the wars of Marlborough, Chatham and Wellington they stood up to and defeated the best that the great military Powers of the world—and England herself never made any attempt to be this—could bring against them. They and the Russian climate were the two terrestrial forces—I am not speaking of maritime ones—that proved stronger than Napoleon's dynamic genius and the Revolution in arms. Again and again the great Emperor's Marshals flung their country's vast military strength and superb courage and *elan* against the thin red line of British foot, and drew back regretful. It was possible to destroy a well-trained and disciplined British infantry battalion, but, as Albuera proved, it was not possible to break one. And before it could be destroyed, it could do an incredible amount of damage. The killing power of a British infantry battalion exceeded anything else to be found on the battlefields of the early nineteenth century. The Germans found the same thing in 1914—and in 1944.

The three most striking things about the march in Hyde Park, I thought, were the marching, the bands and the appearance of the warrant officers and N.C.O.s. If there is any type of man in the world more impressive than a regimental sergeant-major of a crack British regiment, it must be a very impressive type indeed. Perhaps the Roman centurions looked like that: I do not know. Those who marched in the Army Day procession had the appearance of men who had achieved a complete mastery over themselves and who had attained to the highest skill in their arduous and exacting profession. They had another attribute and one which shone through their every movement. It was pride in and love for their corps. The love of a soldier for his regiment is one of the most disinterested emotions in the world. It gave me pleasure, watching their fine marching, to think what pride the Colonel of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment would have taken in his corps' appearance as they came up the Serpentine road. I hope he was there to watch; if not, one can be sure that he was thinking of them in his West Country home. They marched, in their own incomparable style, as well as the Brigade of Guards in front of

them, and no praise could be higher than that. It gave me particular delight, too, to see the Gloucesters go by with such high distinction—old Bragge's "brass before and brass behind," the fighting 28th, the "Old Slashers." It pleased me, partly because of these things and the long record of military glory, sacrifice and devoted service to England they enshrine, and partly because of the pure Cotswold breezes, the grey stone walls and villages and the cathedral tower in the Severn Valley which an Englishman sees in his mind's eye whenever he hears their famous name. "Remember Egypt!"—I wonder how many times in the last century and a half those words have been spoken to men of the 28th amid scenes of immortal but unrecorded courage, devotion and sacrifice? At the battle of St. Pierre, when 35,000 Frenchmen and 40 guns hemmed in all day 14,000 British soldiers, with their backs to a swollen river, Colonel Brown turned to the Old Slashers and said: "There they come, boys; if you don't kill them, they'll kill you; fire away!" "That," we are told by the chronicler, "was the longest address he ever made to his men; he never had but one book and that was the Army List; he was a great soldier and survived the war." There have been many Colonel Browns in the British Army. I hope they will never run short.

War itself is a vile, noisome and destroying disease, the consequence of human folly and wickedness. Yet, in the last resort, it always seems to me the trade of the soldier is inherently a noble one, by which I mean a trade that necessitates and evokes human nobility. The better the soldier, the more is this evocation achieved. A soldier, being a man, will have his full share, like other men, of human failings; he may even have more than his full share. There are faults to which, by reason of his calling, he is naturally prone: temptations to which he is more likely than most to fall. All this is true. Yet a soldier, to be master of his trade, has to be so many things that can only be achieved through the exercise of the very highest virtue. He has to overcome fear, to be enduring, to show selfless devotion and loyalty, to carry out faithfully and uncomplainingly that which is not easy to carry out, to place his duty and the safety of his comrades above his own convenience and even above his own life. How many of us who are not soldiers can truly say that these are what our work teaches us habitually to do? The good soldier is he who—

doomed to go in company with Pain.
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these does exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: ILLUSTRATIONS AND QUOTATIONS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF MAY 18, 1850.



AN EXTINCT GIGANTIC BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND: THE DINORNIS (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH AN OSTRICH AND A NATIVE CHIEF. "A lecture, on the extinct gigantic birds of New Zealand, by Dr. Mantell, attracted a brilliant and numerous audience to the Royal Institution on Friday evening... the lecturer noticed the first discovery of the fossil remains of the *Dinornis* in New Zealand, and described the collection of remains made by his eldest son... The above sketch of the outline of the *Dinornis* or *Moa* (reduced from Dr. Mantell's original drawing of the natural size, exhibited at the lecture) will serve to convey some idea of the colossal magnitude of this extinct wingless race of bipeds..."



A COLLECTION OF STAMPS THAT SAVED A YOUNG LADY FROM BEING PLACED IN A CONVENT: SOME OF THE NUMEROUS PARCELS OF STAMPS WHICH WERE SENT BY SYMPATHISERS.

"Some time since, there appeared in the public journals a statement to the effect that a certain young lady, under age, was to be placed in a convent, by her father, if she did not procure, before the 30th of April last, one million of used postage stamps. This caused numerous persons to forward stamps for the purpose of securing her liberty... in a short time the lady (a member of one of the first families in Derbyshire residing not many miles from Derby) began to receive packages by post and railway from every quarter... The walking postman... became so loaded with letters and packages containing Queen's heads, that it was necessary to employ another man to assist him." (The packages included a clothes-basket, a wine-hammer, boxes and tea-chests full of stamps.) "In addition to this accumulation, letters from all quarters arrived; many from persons of the highest rank, expressing the deepest sympathy and the most kindly feeling."

How much wiser in perceiving this, more realist, more just, Wordsworth was than so many of his modern successors. For in the last resort the soldier embodies reality—unless and until faced, an unpleasant thing, yet an inescapable one. He turns the key of and enters all ivory towers: is the antithesis of the eternal escapist in us all. "Do what you will," said Marshal Foch, "the time will come when you must face bayonets."

Yet—and in this lies the fascination and romance of the soldier's life—he is not wholly of this world. At one moment he is here, stolid, beefy, matter-of-fact, earthy-of-the-earthly—"the brutal and licentious" of jesting military legend in this land and, sometimes, of real legend in other lands, where lower standards of social organisation and moral conduct prevail; the next he has gone, has forsaken the world at the call of his bugles and marched away—

The lover and his lass
Beneath the hawthorn lying
Have heard the soldiers pass,
And both are sighing.*

It was this that made Doll Tearsheet suddenly relent her ill-humour: "Come, thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or not, there is nobody cares." It was something, I think, of this feeling that made the kindly Londoners, on that wet May Sunday afternoon in the Park, thrill at the sight of those marching men, with their fine bearing and faces so tough, confident and self-disciplined, in their drab khaki uniforms bearing the bright emblems of their corporate pride and history: that and the sense of all the honour and sacrifice and virtue they embodied, living, dead and still to be.

* A. E. Housman, "Last Poems."



THE CROWN COLONY OF SINGAPORE: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE HARBOUR, SHOWING (CENTRE) THE UNITED STATES ESSEX-CLASS FLEET AIRCRAFT CARRIER BOXER AT ANCHOR WITH HER ATTENDANT DESTROYERS, FLOYD B. PARKS AND JOHN R. CRAIG, DURING A GOODWILL VISIT ON APRIL 27.



THE CITY WHICH DEVELOPED FROM A RAMSHACKLE FISHING VILLAGE IN A MANGROVE SWAMP: AN AERIAL VIEW OF SINGAPORE, SHOWING THE CIVIL AIRPORT (TOP; RIGHT), THE KALANG BASIN, THE FULLERTON BUILDING, AT THE MOUTH OF SINGAPORE RIVER (CENTRE; RIGHT), CLIFFORD PIER AND THE STADIUM.

A CROWN COLONY WITH A PREDOMINANTLY CHINESE POPULATION: AERIAL VIEWS OF SINGAPORE AND ITS PORT.

Singapore, where the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. James Griffiths, is expected to arrive on May 24, prior to his visiting the Federation of Malaya, became a separate Crown Colony in April, 1946, on the dissolution of the former Colony of the Straits Settlements. The island is roughly diamond-shaped, about 27 miles long by 14 miles wide, with an area of 217 square miles supporting a population of just under 1,000,000—680,000 of whom live within the municipal area.

About three-quarters of the people are Chinese, and it was in Singapore that the Malayan Communist Party first attempted to gain control by infiltration into the trade unions and by fomenting a series of strikes which, however, failed to create widespread unrest and discontent, and the Communists then decided to achieve their aims by violence on the mainland. Recently the U.S. Fleet aircraft carrier *Boxer* and two destroyers paid a goodwill visit to Singapore.

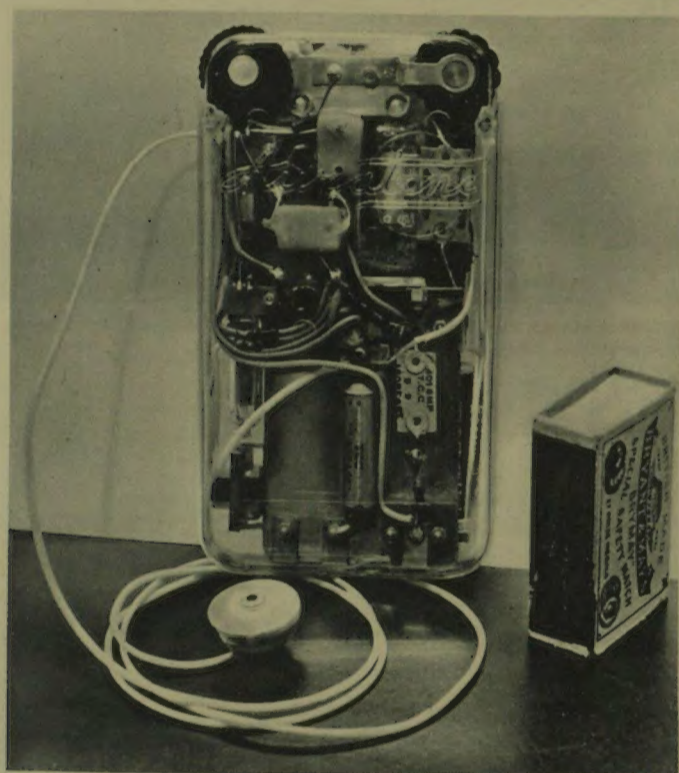
AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST NATIONAL TRADE FAIR: ROYAL VISITORS TO THE B.I.F. IN LONDON.



(LEFT.) MADE IN GLASS: A CHESS SET IN A NOVEL MATERIAL, THAT MAY HELP A PLAYER TO SEE THROUGH HIS OPPONENT'S TACTICS. THE SET SHOWN HERE, WITH THE TABLE, COSTS £30.



(RIGHT.) OF INTEREST TO FISHERMEN: THE NEW "MINICASTER," ALL-PURPOSE FISHING-ROD, WITH THREE INTERCHANGEABLE SPRING-STEEL COILED JOINTS. IT WEIGHS 10 OZS., AND IS ONLY 30 INS. LONG.



COMPARED WITH A MATCHBOX: THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE SMALLEST RADIO SETS EVER PRODUCED. IT WEIGHS 8 OZS.



(ABOVE.) ARRIVING TO TOUR THE EARL'S COURT SECTION: T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH PRINCESS MARGARET AND MR. HAROLD WILSON (LEFT), PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.



ALMOST LARGER THAN LIFE: A TEDDY BEAR WHICH STANDS 5 FT. HIGH AND WEIGHS 90 LB. IS ADMIRING BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

THE 29th British Industries Fair opened on May 8 at Earl's Court and Olympia in London, and at Castle Bromwich, Birmingham. In our last issue, dated May 13, we published photographs of some of the major exhibits at Castle Bromwich, where engineering and hardware products were on view, together with a photograph of the "BEPO" atomic pile displayed by the Ministry of Supply at Olympia. The B.I.F. has become increasingly important throughout the years, and to-day it is the keystone of the export trade on which our whole existence as a great nation depends. In London and Birmingham the Fair had a flying start, and on the opening day the flow of overseas buyers was the heaviest for two years. Many of the varied products, all of which bore the label "Made in England," were still for export only; but owing to increasing production, more of the goods are to be released for the home market than in recent years. One of the items displayed which is already available to the home domestic buyer was a kit of panels for making up into various units of furniture which can be varied at will. One of the sections which received particular attention from visitors to the B.I.F. was the toys and games' section at Olympia. British manufacturers have made tremendous strides in this field and, with the aid of



FLOWERS THAT NEVER FADE: PART OF A LARGE DISPLAY OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS OF ALL KINDS AT THE OLYMPIA SECTION OF THE B.I.F.

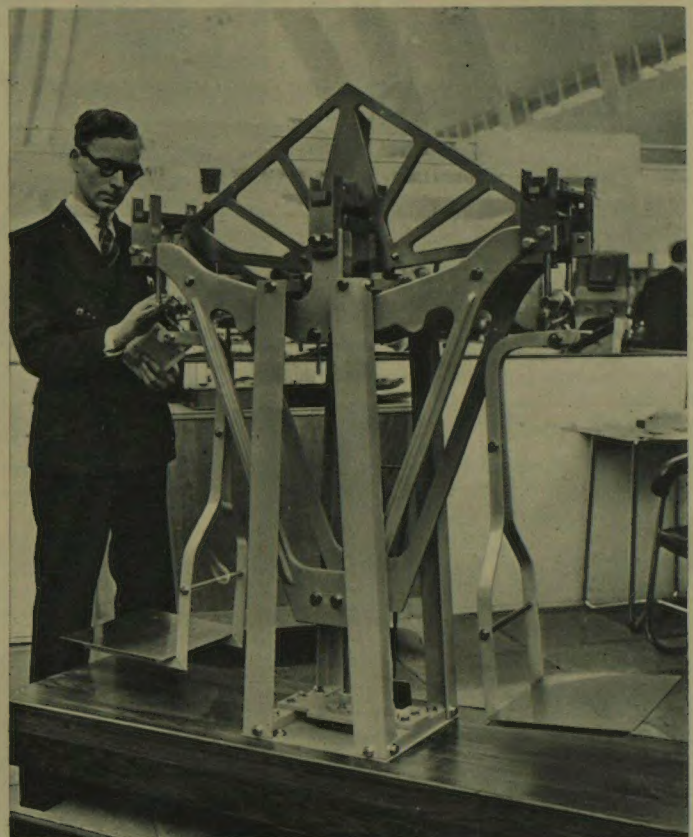
(Continued above, right.)

"MADE IN ENGLAND": EXAMPLES OF BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP ON VIEW AT THE B.I.F.



(LEFT.) PRACTICALLY UNBREAKABLE AND BEARING PICTURES SHOWING THE SUBJECT OF THE RECORDING: NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS WHICH CAN BE PLAYED UP TO A HUNDRED TIMES BY ONE NEEDLE AND REMAIN UNDAUNTED.

(RIGHT.) INTENDED TO INSTRUCT AND ENTERTAIN CHILDREN: A MODEL RAILWAY AT THE BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR AT OLYMPIA THAT ATTRACTS FATHERS, UNCLES AND GRANDFATHERS.



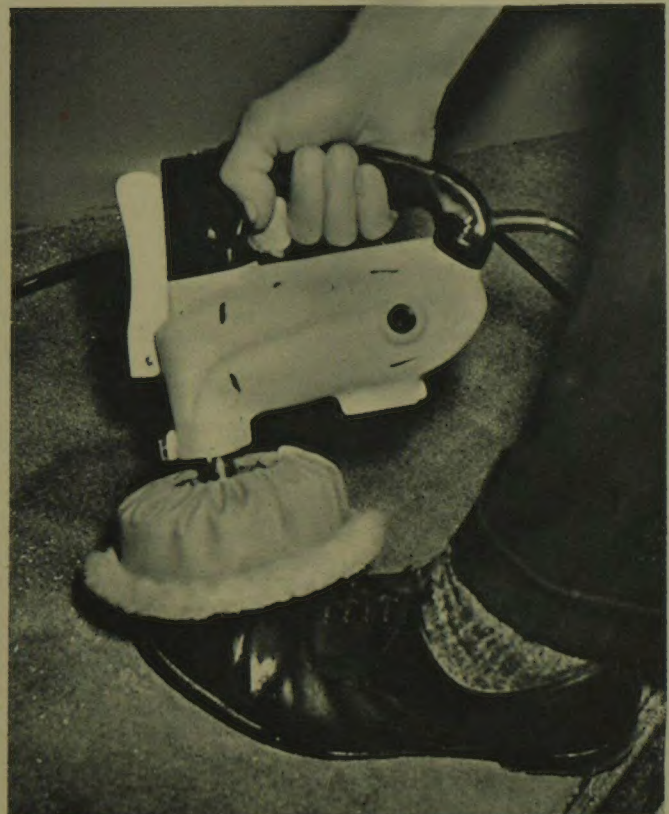
READY TO REGISTER THE WEIGHT OF ANYTHING FROM A POSTAGE-STAMP TO 2 CWT. OF COAL: A 2000-OZ. BULLION BALANCE.



ADMIRING THE RANGE OF INTERESTING EXHIBITS AT THE PAKISTAN STAND: THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (LEFT) AND THE DUCHESS OF KENT DURING A TOUR OF THE B.I.F.

(ABOVE.) ARRIVING AT EARL'S COURT FOR THE FIRST OF TWO LONG VISITS TO THE B.I.F.: H.M. QUEEN MARY, FOLLOWED BY HER DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Continued. plastics have produced what seemed to be every conceivable plaything. An unusual item was a dancing doll which will perform to the tempo of any gramophone record without mechanical connection. A small microphone is placed near the gramophone sound-box, and picks up sound waves from the recorded music to actuate the movement of the doll. As in past years, the Royal family once again showed their keen interest in the B.I.F. The King and



POLISHING SHOES BY ELECTRICITY: A NEW ALL-PURPOSE POLISHER WHICH CAN BE ADAPTED FOR USE IN THE KITCHEN AND ELSEWHERE.

Queen, with Princess Margaret, visited the Earl's Court section on May 9. Queen Mary, accompanied by the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duchess of Kent, also visited Earl's Court on the same day. Two days later, on May 11, Queen Mary, accompanied by the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Gloucester, toured the Olympia section. Queen Mary, who will be eighty-three this month, has missed the B.I.F. only once during all the years it has been held. So that overseas visitors with limited time to spare could attend both the London and Birmingham sections of the British Industries Fair on the same day, there was a helicopter service in operation. The 110-mile journey, which cost £10 return, took just over an hour. The British Industries Fair, in London and Birmingham, closed on May 19.

THERE is no question more often asked in the democracies to-day, or to which it is harder to find a satisfactory answer, or to which more divergent answers are given, than as to what would be the effect of scientific inventions upon the nature and conduct of a third world war. Some commentators have concluded that all which belongs to the past is obsolete. They have decided that in a new war the influence of what are called "weapons of mass destruction" would be so great as to prove completely decisive. One side or the other would, in their view, be utterly overwhelmed by the appliances of "push-button warfare," so that all would be over in a very brief space of time and what may be considered normal and traditional forces, such as surface fleets and even submarines, infantry, artillery, groups and squadrons of bombers using high-explosive bombs, would not be given a chance to intervene. I have always been opposed to this theory. It is of interest to note that the two most serious and best-informed books devoted to this subject are equally opposed to it. The first is that of Professor P. M. S. Blackett, "Military and Political Consequences of Atomic Energy," a British work published two years ago. The second is American, a more popular type of work, by Dr. Vannevar Bush, which has appeared this year in an English edition.*

These two writers represent different points of view and ideals, and their recommendations differ accordingly. Both, however, decide against the more sensational solutions advanced by others. Dr. Bush's book has had a great success in the United States, and it is not difficult to see why. In the first place, he does provide answers of some sort to almost all the detailed questions which the ordinary citizen has been asking. These answers are often necessarily tentative, but they are less vague than those given elsewhere. He is a bold speculator and is not afraid of taking risks, of finding his judgments confuted by events. How considerable these risks may be is shown by his treatment of Soviet Russia's experiments in atomic energy. It was only as his book went to press last September that the announcement of an atomic explosion in the Soviet Union was made, and this announcement affects his speculations as to the time at the disposal of the United States. In the second place, Dr. Bush, as wartime co-ordinator of scientific research in all fields except that of flight, has all the material at his fingers' ends. He can, and does, deal with every phase of scientific development in warfare which can prudently be discussed. Few men possess so full an equipment for the task he has undertaken.

In other respects he is not so happy. He does not confine himself to the scientific side. He enters with equal confidence but less satisfactory results the fields of politics,

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. SCIENCE AND MODERN ARMS.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

are costly and off the beaten track. Next he deals in a masterly way with the various inventions: radar, sonar, guided missiles, rockets, breathing apparatus of the schnorkel type for submarines, proximity fuzes, turbo-jet and ram-jet propulsion, pilotless aircraft and, of course, atomic energy both as a supreme explosive and from the point of view of radio-activity. He touches on biological warfare in its various possible forms. Each in turn he treats in relation to its probable rôle in modern warfare, its advantages and limitations, and its connection with others in the series, to which it may act either as a counter-blast or as a reinforcement. It is this part of his book which has deservedly received most publicity and most praise.

Of the atomic bomb he foresees the worst effects from an explosion in deep water close to a target such as a city, e.g., New York. He does not, however, believe that, at least for a long time to come, any effects of the atomic

essay which he was good enough to send me: "No man... would advocate that if Uncle Sam had a club and a pistol, and his opponent in a dark alley had merely a club, then Uncle Sam should discard the pistol. No man would imagine that the way to defeat a Goliath is by making ourselves weak where he is weak." It must be added that Dr. Bush has no doubt about the importance of a navy, though he may not agree with naval experts on its composition.

In treating biological warfare, he first of all points out that for generations there have existed toxins so powerful that the use of quantities readily produced against the population of a hostile country would have overwhelming results. Here, then, there is no sudden development as in the case of atomic energy, unless it be in methods of delivery or in a growing savagery and recklessness in human nature. If such methods of warfare are in fact used, he thinks it will be as adjuncts or alternatives to other methods, not as absolute means of war. He also suggests that the human race's instinctive shrinking from such methods may prevent them from being employed. This shrinking is a reality, but it may be that Dr. Bush overestimates its strength. "Somewhere deep in the race there is an ancient brotherhood that makes men draw back when a means of warfare of this sort is proposed." Let us hope this instinct will prevail and that he does not count too much upon it. In another respect, his belief that there has been no deterioration in the moral standards of belligerents, I am convinced that he errs and that if his historical sense were as acute as his scientific he would recognise how we have degenerated from the eighteenth century. Its virtues in the waging of war are seen not only in the humanising of methods but also in moderation of principles and aims. This we have lost.

One comforting conclusion which Dr. Bush puts before his own countrymen is that in the fields of industrial production for war, planning and organisation in general, their efficiency was far higher than that of Germany, their principal foe in the last war, and is likely to prove equally superior to that of any possible future foe. He tells us that the teams of investigation sent from the United States to Germany returned in every case impressed by German weaknesses in this respect. They found that in many

TO BECOME A NAVAL MUSEUM: BUCKLAND ABBEY.



TO BE PRESERVED FOR POSTERITY: BUCKLAND ABBEY, SHOWING THE BEGINNING OF THE RESTORATION WORK WHICH IS NOW IN PROGRESS.



BOUGHT BY SIR FRANCIS DRAKE IN 1581: BUCKLAND ABBEY, DEVON; THE GREAT HALL, GRENVILLE FRIEZE AND FIREPLACE.

An appeal has been launched to raise funds to complete the restoration of Buckland Abbey. The Abbey, which is situated between Plymouth and Yelverton, in Devon, was built by the Cistercians in 1278. At the time of the Dissolution it was sold by Henry VIII. to Sir Richard Grenville, who proceeded to convert the great cruciform church into a mansion. In 1581 it passed to Sir Francis Drake, who undertook further alterations. It is hoped that the house will now become a Drake, Naval and Devonshire Folk Museum under the auspices of the Plymouth City Council. The National Trust, to whom it was given, has undertaken to restore and equip it for this purpose. In spite of handsome support from the Pilgrim Trust, £2000 is still needed to restore the Abbey. Contributions should be addressed to the Buckland Abbey Restoration Fund, c/o City Treasurer, Guildhall, Plymouth.



ONCE A CISTERCIAN CHURCH AND LATER THE HOME OF RICHARD GRENVILLE AND THEN OF FRANCIS DRAKE: BUCKLAND ABBEY, SHOWING THE KITCHEN.

sociology and morals. Here his readers on this side of the Atlantic will probably find him inclined to drop into the jargon, all too familiar to them, which is beloved by their own public speakers when they have to say something but do not want to give anything away. His judgments are too easy, and both the platitude and the cliché creep into them. He talks of those "who pose, who would embrace almost anything rather than be thought to be a Babbitt," but there are moments when he turns uncomfortably near to the position of Babbitt. Let us put it that his philosophical equipment is markedly inferior to the scientific. My own view is that this weakness detracts little from the value of his book. The worst it can do is to annoy occasionally, but the reader who lets annoyance carry him away will, I think, be very ill-advised. This is indeed a very useful and timely book, and not only because it is so full of information.

I have not spoken of another feature, Dr. Bush's preliminary historical sketches, going back to the First World War, but they also merit attention, as does his account of the experiments made between the wars, many of which bore fruit only after the second conflict had begun, and some not until a long time after. He is certainly no foe to planning—he was very much a planner himself—but he believes in private enterprise as regards innovations, while admitting that even it has limitations when these

bomb are likely to be decisive. He repeats what others among the more sober commentators have said, that stocks of this type of bomb are not likely to be big enough to carry out an operation of obliteration such as has been foretold by the more fanciful. It is as well to bear in mind, however, that Dr. Bush is addressing his own countrymen in particular. We in Britain cannot always take comfort from conclusions which may appear satisfactory to them, and we are certainly, both by reason of our geographical situation and our crowded industrial areas, much more vulnerable to the atomic bomb than the United States. All mass bombing, he thinks, may be rendered obsolete by appliances which are now, or shortly will be, at the disposal of the defence. In a future war, however, the methods used might well differ in successive phases; in the early stages mass bombing with high-explosive bombs of a normal type might be attempted, only to be found impracticable later on. "The bomb in a suitcase" theory he dismisses as rubbish—and, rather unexpectedly, though on an apparently sound argument, the clandestine introduction of radio-active material worries him little—but the atomic bomb in a ship brought into the victim's harbour is a threat to be considered.

In the realm of sea warfare he may shock the professionals. He considers that not only is the day of the giant battleship over, but that the big aircraft carrier may possibly be obsolescent, partly because the United States will not have to face a foe strong in any sort of naval craft except submarines, partly because such a vessel represents so valuable

cases initial errors had been allowed to run right through the war without correction. He does not believe that more energy is wasted under a democratic than under a totalitarian system of government; in fact, he suggests that what he calls "the type of pyramidal totalitarian régime" is essentially too rigid. In democracies criticism flows both ways, up and down. Before we congratulate ourselves that these comments apply to our nation also, we might note his advocacy of a tax policy which will "stimulate free and competitive enterprise" as a factor in military strength. Even the author of our tax policy hardly ventures to argue that it runs on those lines.

I have already said that I find Dr. Bush as philosopher and moralist very much less convincing than when he is dealing with subjects primarily scientific. His book's merits, however, far outweigh its faults. It is cleverly compressed and covers a large field, while itself comparatively short. There is not a phrase in it which cannot be readily understood even by readers who possess no scientific equipment. If it had no other value, it would be found most useful by the average enquirer as a work of reference pure and simple, since it assembles a great deal of information, some of which commonly goes into one ear and out of the other. General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, knew what he was doing when he specially recommended it to American readers. It is only to a very small degree that the book can be said to be less directly addressed to our own.

* "Modern Arms and Free Men." By Vannevar Bush. (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.)

ASPECTS OF THE ANTI-BANDIT "WAR": ARMY, R.A.F. AND POLICE ACTION IN MALAYA.



SHELLING AREAS IN WHICH BANDITS MAY BE HIDING DURING OPERATIONS IN SOUTH SELANGOR: A 25-PDR. OF 16TH FIELD BATTERY, 26TH FIELD REGT., R.A., IN ACTION.



ON ITS WAY TO ATTACK BANDIT HIDE-OUTS DURING A RECENT AIR-AND-GROUND OPERATION: A FORMATION OF R.A.F. BRISTOL BRIGAND GENERAL-PURPOSE BOMBERS.



INSTRUCTION IN SELF-DEFENCE: A EUROPEAN AUXILIARY POLICE OFFICER TALKING TO MALAYS IN A REMOTE VILLAGE ON LOCAL PROTECTION AGAINST COMMUNIST ATTACKS.



STANDING BY AN IDLE WATER-WHEEL: A POLICE OFFICIAL, IN A VILLAGE DESERTED BY ITS INHABITANTS AFTER THE HEADMAN AND ONE OF THE VILLAGERS HAD BEEN KILLED BY BANDITS.



WAITING FOR BANDITS TO BREAK OUT FROM AN AREA SUBJECTED TO ARTILLERY FIRE AND AIR BOMBARDMENT: AN ARMoured CAR OF THE 4TH QUEEN'S OWN HUSSARS.



RETURNING TO CAMP AFTER STRENUOUS OPERATIONS AGAINST THE BANDITS IN MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLE: A PATROL OF THE 1ST BATTALION, THE GREEN HOWARDS.

On arriving at Darwin by air on May 11 to attend the Commonwealth discussions in Sydney, Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner-General in South-East Asia, made the following statement on the situation in Malaya: "The situation had been improving, but Communist successes outside South-East Asia have encouraged the bandits to fresh efforts. Their morale has been raised. They are definitely hostile, and there is

no doubt the situation has deteriorated. However, we are making every effort to counter it." It has been announced that during the Parliamentary Recess at Whitsuntide both Mr. James Griffiths, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. J. Strachey, the Secretary of State for War, are to visit Malaya. Mr. Strachey is to see the work of military units taking part in the anti-terrorist operations and

[Continued overleaf.]

**TRACKING DOWN
BANDITS IN THE
DEPTHS OF THE
MALAYAN JUNGLE:
A POLICE SQUAD
SEARCHING AN
AREA WHERE
GANGS HAVE
BEEN ACTIVE.**

Continued.]

will also visit the forces in Hong Kong. Here and on pages 773-775 we show some aspects of the "war" against the Communists which is being waged by the three Services, and the police. A Malayan Communist Party came into being in 1928, but remained underground for some years, though it had a hand in several serious strikes in 1937. On the invasion of Russia in 1941 it decided to support the war effort wholeheartedly, and when Japan attacked Malaya it offered to do anything it could to assist the Governments. Groups of Communists were trained as saboteurs and fifth-columnists, to work behind the Japanese lines, and after the surrender arms and ammunition were supplied to them and they co-operated with Force 136 prior to our full-scale military landings. As the war drew to a close the Communist leaders declared that their aim was to establish a Communist Republic of Malaya, and they hoped to gain their end by infiltration into the trade unions. The Communists were only partially successful in obtaining the control required for their purpose, and apparently decided in 1948 that the time had come for action by open violence. In June of that year they launched a campaign of killing.

[Continued on opposite page.]

(RIGHT.) PROVIDING IDEAL COVER FOR AN AMBUSH OR THE HIT-AND-RUN TACTICS OF THE GUERRILLA FIGHTER: THE MALAYAN JUNGLE; SHOWING A POLICE JUNGLE SQUAD MOVING ALONG A TRACK IN AN AREA WHERE COMMUNIST BANDIT GANGS HAVE RECENTLY BEEN ACTIVE. THE MEN WEAR ARMY-TYPE JUNGLE-GREEN UNIFORMS AND ARE ARMED WITH AUTOMATIC WEAPONS, RIFLES AND CARBINES.



**THE DIFFICULT
TASK UNDER-
TAKEN BY THE
SECURITY FORCES
IN MALAYA:
POLICE COMBING
THE JUNGLE FOR
BANDITS IN
NEGRI SEMBILAN.**

Continued.]

with the primary objective of dislocating work on plantations and mines and driving the managements away. They had a plentiful supply of arms and ammunition, collected for just this purpose during the days of resistance to the Japanese; the terrain was ideal for hit-and-run terrorist activity by small groups; the jungle provided perfect cover, while the mines and plantations lay in remote and scattered places difficult to defend. The first bandit attacks were followed by the declaration of a state of emergency, proscription of the Communist Party, and steps were taken to strengthen the police force. Since then a growing offensive has been mounted against the bandits in which British and Gurkha troops, the R.A.F., the Navy, the Malay Regiment and men of the R.A.F. Regiment of Malaya are all playing their part. That the bandits are predominantly Chinese is evident from their casualty figures: Of the 992 killed up to December 31, 1949, 932 were Chinese and only 38 were Malays. Furthermore, of the 32,000 special constables, enrolled, 28,000 are Malays, while the great mass of the Chinese population are behind the Government. In spite of the difficulty of their task, the security forces in Malaya, besides inflicting casualties, have captured quantities of arms and equipment, including 1191 mortars and 447,770 rounds of small arms ammunition.

(LEFT.) LIKE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK: A POLICE JUNGLE SQUAD COMBING AN AREA WHERE COMMUNIST BANDITS HAVE BEEN REPORTED, AND SEEN HERE CROSSING A TREE-TRUNK BRIDGE OVER A RIVER IN NEGRI SEMBILAN.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

AMONG all the delights of May in the garden, tulips, wall-flowers, polyanthus, apple-blossom and the rest, the pure, cool blue of forget-me-nots is especially refreshing,

the perfect corrective among so many rich splendours. And it costs practically nothing to produce, either in cash, skill or labour. You choose your colour, the paler, almost turquoise, blue, or the deeper sapphire, and scatter the seeds thinly on any out-of-the-way plot of well-dug ground in early summer, and—except for weeding—you leave the carpet of seedlings severely alone until planting-out time in autumn. What could be simpler? An equally simple method was practised in a garden which I knew as a boy. Each year, when the time arrived for pulling out the wallflowers and forget-me-nots to make way for summer planting, two or three handfuls of forget-me-not plants were tied into loose bundles and hung from the branches of an old apple-tree in the kitchen-garden. As the seeds ripened they fell on to the bed below. Soon there was a green carpet of *Myosotis*, which remained, untouched, until autumn planting-time arrived, and then out they went into the borders, to make blue lagoons in which the tulips would stand, knee deep, next spring. If you have half-shady places in your garden, bare ground under the cobs or hazels, or not-too-rank grass in the orchard, don't, when you pull up the forget-me-nots after flowering, put them on the bonfire or the compost-heap. Scatter the plants in the orchard, the nut-grove, or suchlike places, and give them a chance, of shedding their seeds, and becoming naturalised in the half-wild. The cherry-trees at flower time, and the tender foliage of the Japanese maples at Batsford Park, in Gloucestershire, are justly famous for their great beauty. But almost equally lovely are the wide blue seas of forget-me-nots naturalised in the thin grass beneath the trees.



"BLUE BIRD": A GOOD AND TYPICAL GARDEN VARIETY OF FORGET-ME-NOT, THAT FLOWER WHOSE VIRTUES ARE EQUALLY PATENT TO THE ARTIST, THE ROMANTIC AND THE GARDENER. [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

For general garden purposes, the two branching, spreading bedding varieties, the paler and the darker, are by far the best and most satisfactory. I have seen offers of pink forget-me-nots, and there are erect-growing forms, high-shouldered and uncompromising as Guardsmen. Doubtless there are folk who like these things.

Myosotis "Ruth Fisher" is a most beautiful dwarf forget-me-not, with rather large rounded leaves, and very large, light-blue flowers. Its height is only 3 or 4 ins. Unfortunately, "Ruth" is not reliably hardy in cold districts. Many times I have grown her. She comes true from

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

seed. But always in the end, in some hard winter, "Ruth" has become dead, and always, after a decent interval, the wound having healed, I have tried again.

It has been the same with another forget-me-not, taller and more branching than "Ruth Fisher," and with even larger flowers. I saw it four or five years ago in a Suffolk garden, and was given a root or two. Its name has long been lost. It seldom sets any seeds, and then only a very few, but it is easy to increase by pulling to pieces and replanting after



"THE CHERRY-TREES AT FLOWER TIME, AND THE TENDER FOLIAGE OF THE JAPANESE MAPLES . . . ARE JUSTLY FAMOUS FOR THEIR GREAT BEAUTY. BUT ALMOST EQUALLY LOVELY ARE THE WIDE BLUE SEAS OF FORGET-ME-NOTS . . . BENEATH THE TREES": A CHARMING PLANTING WHERE THE FLOWERS REPEAT BELOW THE MAPLE LEAVES THE BLUE OF THE SKIES ABOVE.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

flowering—if it has not been killed by frost in the meantime. At the moment, I am reduced to a single plant of this tantalising, unnamed forget-me-not. It might be a merciful thing if it died and left me in peace. The best solution of all would be a cross between it and the common or garden bedding variety, inheriting the virtues of both parents. But manipulating *myosotis* blossoms is too minute and finicky a job for my patience. Although *Myosotis azorica*, and especially its improved variety "Impératrice Elizabeth," are by no means hardy, they are so beautiful, with their amethyst flowers, that they are worth the trouble of wintering them in a cold frame, to plant out in spring. Worth other people's trouble, I mean: seldom mine.

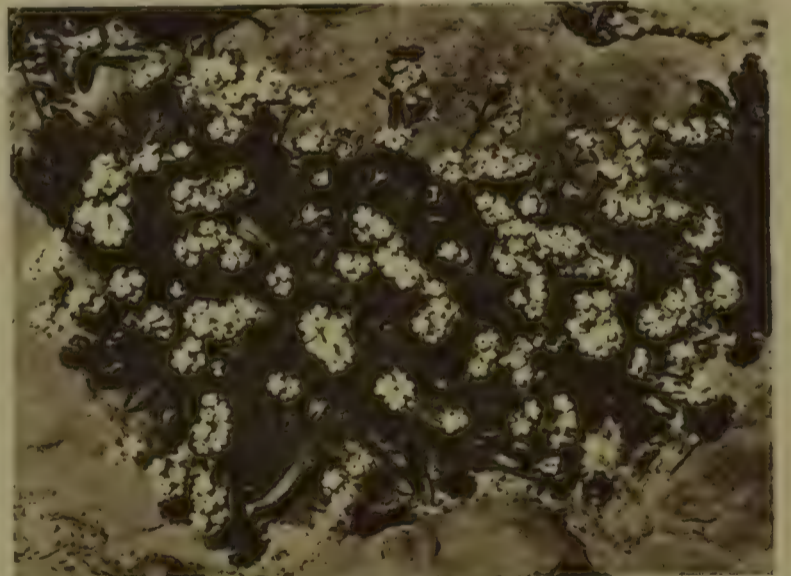
Myosotis palustris is the beautiful summer-flowering water forget-me-not, a British native which enjoys paddling in pond- and stream-sides. But it is not strictly amphibious and it is quite willing to come ashore and grow and flower well in some not-too-torrid part of the garden, and a soil that is well-laced with leaf-mould or peat. There is a variety called *M. p. semperflorens*, and forms with extra-large flowers. They sound desirable, but I have never met them.

For the rock-gardener there is *Myosotis alpestris*, and of *alpestris* I know three forms. The species is widely distributed in the Alps, but I have met it chiefly on the Col de Lautaret, in the Dauphiné

Alps, and there it has puzzled me greatly. In the short, flowered lawns it grows in great profusion, flowering in late June and early July. Dwarf, compact tufts with

flower-stems seldom more than 1 or 2 ins. high, and flowers of a clear, soft sky-blue. These dwarf plants, brought home to England, remain just as dwarf in the rock-garden as in the Alps. Near them occur specimens growing 6 and 9 ins. high, with just the same lovely light-blue flowers; and a mile or two up the Galibier Pass, and at a considerably higher altitude, *alpestris* grows in profusion, and reaches a foot in height. Why these wide differences in height and habit between plants of the same species growing so near together, and why the taller forms, often at a greater altitude than the dwarfs? The British form of *Myosotis alpestris*—known among gardeners as *rupicola*—is quite distinct from the Alpine form. Distinct, that is, from the gardener's, if not from the botanist's, point of view. It is found in certain corries in the Highlands of Scotland. The plant is as dwarf as the dwarf form found at Lautaret; in fact, rather dwarfer and more compact. The leaves are a much darker green, and the flowers, carried at first in a dense, almost stemless, mass close down upon the leaves, are dark blue—a pure, brilliant sapphire. Later the stems lengthen and reach 2 or 3 ins. *Myosotis rupicola*, or *M. a. rupicola*, is one of the most attractive Alpine plants for the rock-garden that I know, and is perfectly easy to grow. I regret to say that I have seen some very nondescript and degenerate-looking things masquerading as *rupicola*. But for this there is no excuse.

The true plant is unmistakable. A cliff- and rock-dweller in nature, it should be grown in narrow, soil-filled crevices between rocks, in deep, natural holes in big rocks, or in the stony face of the scree. Although its home is on schist, a lime-free rock, it is perfectly happy on limestone, and even mortar rubble. It has lived for years in my largest stone trough rock-garden, wedged between tufa rocks, with the thinnest sandwich-filling of soil, and also in holes drilled deep in the tufa and filled with soil. Here the plants remain, sturdy perennials of many years'



THE ALPINE FORGET-ME-NOT, OF WHICH MR ELLIOTT DISCUSSES FOUR FORMS IN THIS ARTICLE—THREE FROM THE ALPS AND ONE FROM "CERTAIN CORRIES IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND." THE PLANT SHOWN HERE IS GROWING AS MR. ELLIOTT RECOMMENDS—IN A NARROW, SOIL-FILLED CREVICE BETWEEN ROCKS. [Photograph by D. F. Merrett.]

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standing, and they seed about and find fresh lodgments in fresh cracks and crevices. This particular colony must have been established for at least twenty years, and to me is one of the most attractive things in all my garden. Grown in full-bodied loam in the rock-garden, *Myosotis rupicola* loses much of its tight, compact charm and, enjoying a fatter, merrier existence, its life is shorter. Where there are no tight rock-garden crevices available, and no sink or trough garden, *Myosotis rupicola* may be grown, and well grown, in the wall-garden. But give it neighbours as small and compact as itself. No alyssums, aubrietias or Snow-in-Summer to pour down and smother it.



AFTER THE FIRE HAD SWEEPED THROUGH THE CITY FROM MAY 6-8: A THOROUGHFARE IN RIMOUSKI, LINED WITH SMOKING RUINS WHICH INDICATE THE EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.



ILLUSTRATING THE DESTRUCTION IN THE RESIDENTIAL AREA: CABANO, QUEBEC PROVINCE, AS THE WIND-WHIPED FLAMES WERE STILL ROARING THROUGH THE TOWN.



STILL BLANKETED BY SMOKE: AN AIR VIEW OF RIMOUSKI AFTER THE FIRE, WHICH STARTED IN A LUMBER YARD, HAD BEEN EXTINGUISHED. EARLY ESTIMATES PUT THE NUMBER OF HOUSES DESTROYED AT OVER 250. SOME 1500 PERSONS WERE RENDERED HOMELESS AND DAMAGE IS ESTIMATED AT £7,000,000.



A TRAGIC PARADE: RIMOUSKI CITIZENS WALKING THROUGH THE RUINS. THE SPIRE OF THE CATHEDRAL (RIGHT) STILL STANDS, BUT THE CROSS WAS BENT BY THE HEAT.



SHOWING HOW ONLY THE CONCRETE FOUNDATIONS SURVIVED: RIMOUSKI AFTER THE FIRE. BUILDINGS STILL STANDING ARE PARTIALLY OR COMPLETELY GUTTED.

DISASTER BY FIRE IN CANADA: THE WIDESPREAD RUIN CAUSED IN RIMOUSKI AND CABANO, QUEBEC PROVINCE.

Canada has recently suffered disasters from fire and flood. On other pages we illustrate the floods which have caused widespread misery and destruction in Winnipeg. On this page our photographs depict fire damage in two cities of Quebec Province. On May 6 fire began in a lumber yard of Rimouski, on the southern bank of the St. Lawrence River, caused, it is thought, by a power line torn down during a gale; and rapidly got out of control. Thousands of people

have been rendered homeless and it is feared that the death-roll amounts to twelve. The technical school, a hospital, a seminary, a convent, two hotels, a theatre and a group of shops were destroyed. The O.C. Quebec Command went by air from Montreal to direct relief work and an air lift was organised. Two days after the Rimouski disaster the neighbouring town of Cabano endured a similar ordeal. Fire levelled half the city, causing some £2,000,000 worth of damage.

A CANADIAN NATIONAL EMERGENCY: FLOODS THAT THREATENED TO ENGULF WINNIPEG.



FIGHTING THE FLOOD WATERS: VOLUNTEER WORKERS ON A SANDBAG-LOADED TRAILER BEING TOWED BY TRACTOR ALONG MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG.



STEMMING THE ONSLAUGHT OF THE FLOODED RIVER: DOUBLE WALLS OF SANDBAGS IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF WINNIPEG.



REFUGEES FROM THE FLOODS: THE SCENE IN WINNIPEG'S Y.M.C.A. GYMNASIUM, WHERE SOME OF THE HOMELESS WERE GIVEN BEDS ON THE FLOOR.



STRANDED BY THE RISING RED RIVER DURING THE FLIGHT FROM THEIR FLOODED HOMES: PEOPLE FROM SOUTH WINNIPEG IN A COACH AT ST. NORBERT STATION.



PREPARING FOR THE WORST AS THE FLOODS STILL RISE: FARMERS WORKING FEVERISHLY TO MOVE THEIR HORSES TO HIGHER GROUND.



UPROOTED BY THE FLOOD WATERS: A WINNIPEG HOME FLOATING DOWNSTREAM PAST THE CITY FROM WHICH THOUSANDS OF RESIDENTS WERE EVACUATED.

On May 14 it was estimated that some 73,000 men, women and children had been evacuated from Winnipeg, the scene of one of the worst floods in the history of Canada. Lord Alexander, the Governor-General, flew into the city and Mr. Claxton, the Defence Minister, and Mr. Carson, Minister of Justice, were there. On May 8 Mr. Douglas Campbell, Prime Minister of Manitoba, had appealed to the Prime Minister of Canada for recognition of the Manitoba floods as a national emergency.

Brigadier R. E. A. Morton was placed in command of all flood relief work, and he ordered the evacuation of many parts of the threatened city of Winnipeg. On May 11 the Red River had risen to 11½ ft. above flood-level and one-eighth of the city was under water. On the following day, with the rising waters at 29.9 ft., the city was in danger of being cut off into several islands, and only one of Winnipeg's eleven bridges was in full use. At least 6000 buildings were surrounded by water.



AFTER THE RED RIVER HAD RISEN MORE THAN 10 FT. ABOVE FLOOD LEVEL: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE INUNDATED RIVERVIEW DISTRICT OF WINNIPEG.



ISOLATED BY FLOOD WATERS AND EVACUATED: THE KING EDWARD AND KING GEORGE HOSPITALS AND (RIGHT) THE NEW PRINCESS ELIZABETH HOSPITAL IN WINNIPEG.

BESIEGED BY THE RISING WATERS OF THE RED RIVER: ONE OF THE FLOODED AREAS OF WINNIPEG FROM THE AIR.

At the time of writing, the flood situation in Manitoba, Canada, is reported to be worsening hourly. Direction of the flood-fighting operations was taken over on May 13 by Mr. Claxton, the Minister of Defence, and Lieut.-General Foulkes, Chief of the General Staff. Twenty thousand men were fighting to stem the waters in Winnipeg, fourth city of Canada, where about half the city's businesses had shut down and many of the staffs were working on dyke repairs. Relief was pouring into the

threatened city in the form of sandbags, pumps and water chlorinators. Officials feared that power supplies would be cut off if another rise in the water-level occurred. The military, with civilians, set up special disaster committees to handle all emergencies such as food and petrol storage in the event of the city becoming flooded. Although the floods are so widespread, the death-roll, to date, is very small, owing to the skilful way the evacuation has been organised.



PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Professor Tristram, Professor Emeritus Royal College of Art, was born in 1882. His work on preservation of mediæval paintings and monuments is known throughout the world, and notable examples are to be found in many English cathedrals and other places. His publications include "English Mediæval Wall Painting," the 12th century, 1944.

England has been most faithfully carried on by his Trustees.

One more blow has been struck on behalf of the greatness of English achievements in the Arts in the Middle Ages; and no man is more entitled to strike it than Dr. Tristram, who knows more about the subject than any man who ever lived, and who has himself unveiled and restored to us so much beautiful work which had been hidden from sight by generations of whitewash and neglect. Much has gone, most of the stained glass and statuary irrecoverably, while the ruined abbeys stand to reproach us. But in his special field there may still remain (since our mediæval churches survive in thousands) much to discover, or uncover, as he not long ago uncovered the stalwart St. Christopher at Little Missenden. What our total riches must have been before the iconoclasm is difficult to envisage; just as one can hardly conceive what would have happened had the whole of Italy come under the control of fanatics or monk-haters, of Thomas and Oliver Cromwells to whom portrayed Madonnas and saints were anathema, and who would have been filled with a lust for destruction had they seen the Sistine ceiling or Giotto's frescoes at Assisi with a blasphemous St. Francis preaching to a lot of heathen birds. In this country we had two violent reformations instead of only one, and much of what was spared by one was hammered to bits by the other.

To review this tremendous survey in detail would be well-nigh impossible. The authors, after a very long introduction, begin with a chapter on that very great patron of the arts, Henry III.

(who surpassed, in this regard, even Richard II., Henry VI. and Charles I.—it may be remarked that all our artist-kings have had "raw deals" from historians), of whom we are told that "he occupies a unique position in the history of English mediæval art," that he was a munificent employer of every sort of artist and that "even the painting of a door or of glass to be inserted in a window fascinated him to much the same degree as the construction of a great hall." He built and adorned palaces on a grand scale, but of his secular buildings little remains except in the records. We then turn—and when I say turn I mean not merely to existing paintings, but to the whole history of their furnishings—to Westminster Palace and Abbey, which owed a great debt to Henry. Then we proceed to the Winchester School and then, by provinces, as it were, province by province, cathedral by cathedral, parish by parish, painting by painting, to a catalogue, systematic, historical and critical of all known products of the period and the art. How two people could have produced a work, so exhaustive and monumental, in less than a lifetime, puzzles me; even the manual labour of filing and writing must have been immense, quite apart from the research in libraries and muniment rooms, and the study of "objects" on the spot. Dr. Tristram and his coadjutor will at

THE PAINTED WALLS OF 13th-CENTURY ENGLAND.

"*ENGLISH MEDIEVAL WALL PAINTING*"—THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY—By PROFESSOR E. W. TRISTRAM, with a catalogue By E. W. TRISTRAM and MONICA BARDSWELL (Two Volumes).*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE sumptuous volumes under review are part of an enterprise which would, in these days, have taxed the (taxed) resources of any private individual and daunted even the most adventurous publisher. Dr. Tristram is engaged on a history of Mediæval English Wall-Painting (with side-glances at such panel-paintings as survive); the Twelfth Century has already been dealt with, and the Thirteenth Century is now massively and exhaustively

covered; and the whole undertaking has been made possible only by the generosity of the Pilgrim Trust, which was endowed by a noble American visionary whose care for all aspects of traditional

least have the satisfaction that no future workers in their field will dream of writing anything without using their volumes as a base.

The second volume contains 275 Plates, some of them in colour. Some are famous, like the exquisite roundel of the Virgin and Child in the Bishop's Palace at Chichester; scores come from little village churches in remote parishes. The level of achievement naturally varies: there were great masters at work then as well as little masters and journeymen. But all were working in a developed national tradition, grave, hieratic, formal, stylised, yet adequate to the expression of the deepest feeling. The old term, "The Ages of Faith," forces itself upon one as one looks at even the simplest of them.

As for a judgment upon the whole century's work, I had better leave it to the authority of Dr. Tristram himself. He says: "In the present volume an attempt has been made to present the bulk of the available evidence relating to the existence of an outstanding thirteenth-century English School of Painting. It lies outside my province to make a close comparison between the products of that School and those of the contemporary French, German and Spanish Schools; but that such a comparison should eventually be made, and not only in regard to thirteenth-century work, goes without saying. I shall only remark here that, although I have been so fortunate as to see many drawings and reproductions of thirteenth-century work abroad, together with many originals, I have found none which compete with our finest English examples of this period. Superb wall-paintings of twelfth-century date survive abroad, and they surpass in quantity although not in quality the best contemporary works which we still possess; but I have failed to find any of the thirteenth century which appear to be as highly developed as, for example, the Chichester Roundel or the paintings at Westminster; nor have I found anything to suggest that the more popular type of wall-painting was practised as successfully abroad at this period as it evidently was in England. All the foreign examples, whether of the more elaborate and costly or of the more simple and popular class, which are familiar to me, in France, Spain, or elsewhere, show, until late in the century, lingering Romanesque influence, and the development towards the 'Gothic' style, as it may be termed for the sake of convenience, seems less advanced in them than in our own. Nor can the prevalence of any predominant foreign influence, although some traces are discernible, be established in England at this period; one painter of importance alone, who can be shown to have been almost undoubtedly a foreigner, is known to have been working here—Peter of Spain; but to judge from Spanish survivals of the time, he must rather have been influenced by, than have exerted any great influence upon, English work."

Our thirteenth-century painting has some claim to pre-eminence, reaffirms Dr. Tristram, "in spite of the notorious English obsession of inferiority in matters of art." That obsession is not confined to the sphere of painting. The view that "the English are not a musical people" was long held here and gladly accepted abroad; all that it really meant was that the people who had produced John of Dunstable, Byrd and Tallis, the Elizabethan song-writers, the great Purcell, and a host of beautiful folk-songs, were not very good in modern times at producing imitation German music. The obsession is gradually being shaken off, largely owing to the labours, in various spheres, of enthusiastic specialists like Dr. Tristram.

Many, if not most, of the illustrations in these volumes, are reproduced from drawings by Dr.

Tristram himself. I think he is right—certainly where colour is involved—in preferring drawings to photographs. His drawings have been made over the course of many years; some of the works he drew are no longer as they were; some (though, he assures us, none of the greatest) have been damaged and destroyed by the enemy in the late war. But all the treasures in the world are now in peril; and in that war the Germans even organised "Baedeker Raids" with the avowed intention of actually selecting lovely old things for destruction. Into what sort of states of mind the human race can bring itself!

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 796 of this issue.



ST. CHRISTOPHER, A MURAL IN LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

From a drawing by E. W. Tristram, 1931.



HEAD OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMINUS, FROM THE HISTORY OF ST. CATHERINE, LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH.

From a drawing by E. W. Tristram, 1931.

Reproductions from the book "English Mediæval Wall Painting," by Courtesy of the Publisher, Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press.



HEAD OF ST. CATHERINE, FROM THE HISTORY OF ST. CATHERINE, LITTLE MISSENDEN CHURCH, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

From a drawing by E. W. Tristram, 1931.

* "English Mediæval Wall Painting." By E. W. Tristram. The Thirteenth Century, with a Catalogue by E. W. Tristram, in Collaboration with Monica Bardswell. Volume I., Text; Volume II., Illustrations. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, on Behalf of the Pilgrim Trust; 2 Vols.; £21 net.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THAKIN NU, PRIME MINISTER OF BURMA (RIGHT), WITH HIS WIFE (CENTRE).

Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister of Burma, arrived in London on May 9, accompanied by his wife. On May 11 they were present at Westminster Abbey at the service of thanksgiving and remembrance for 10,693 British men and women killed in the defence and liberation of Burma.



ARRIVING AT THE ABBEY FOR THE BURMA MEMORIAL SERVICE: EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA WITH HIS WIFE.

Earl Mountbatten of Burma, who recently returned to this country to take up his appointment as Fourth Sea Lord and Chief of Supplies and Transport, was present at the Burma Memorial Service held at Westminster Abbey. During the service Lord Mountbatten handed over to the Dean of Westminster a memorial book containing the names of British men and women who died in Burma.



TO VISIT ENGLAND: H.H. THE SULTAN OF BRUNEI WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

H.H. Sir Ahmed Tajudin Akhazul Khairi Wadin, Sultan of Brunei, Borneo, is expected to visit England this summer with his wife and one of his daughters. We regret that in our issue of May 6, a photograph which purported to be of the Sultan of Brunei did not, in fact, show his Highness.



SIR ROWLAND SMITH.

Elected chairman of Ford Motor Company, Ltd. During the war Sir Rowland, who was knighted in 1944, equipped and managed in Manchester a plant with a personnel of 18,000 which, starting from scratch, produced more than 34,000 Merlin aero engines. In 1948 he was asked by the Prime Minister to join a Government Committee on civil aviation matters.



PRINCIPAL GUEST OF THE PILGRIMS OF GREAT BRITAIN: MR. DEAN ACHESON (STANDING) APPLAUDED BY THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. ATTLEE (LEFT).

Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Secretary of State, outlined the problems which faced the meetings of the Foreign Ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty, when he spoke at the Pilgrims' dinner in London on May 10. Mr. Attlee, who supported the toast to Mr. Acheson, spoke of the common spiritual heritage that the United States and this country had to defend. His audience included, besides the Prime Minister, many prominent figures in the political world.



LORD MILDMAV.

Presumed drowned while bathing at Newton Ferrers, Devon, on May 12. Born in 1909, he was the only son of the first Lord Mildmay of Flete. A true sportsman, and a man of enormous courage, he was well known as an amateur rider of outstanding merit. Twice he nearly won the Grand National. Altogether he had over a hundred winners to his credit.



MR. KENNETH W. BLACKBURNE.

To succeed Lord Baldwin as Governor and C-in-C. of the Leeward Islands. Mr. Blackburne, who is forty-two, has been Director of Information Services at the Colonial Office since 1947. Educated at Marlborough and Clare College, Cambridge, he was appointed to the Colonial Service in 1930 as an Administrative Officer in Nigeria.



VICE-ADMIRAL C. S. HOLLAND.

Died on May 11, aged sixty. He commanded H.M.S. Ark Royal, 1940-41. In July 1940, when it became necessary to ensure that the French fleet at Oran did not fall into enemy hands, he conveyed the British terms to Admiral Gensoul, who, however, refused them and decided to resist. In 1945 he commanded the naval forces in the liberation of Singapore.



A WITNESS AT THE WEDDING OF PRINCESS FATIMA PAHLEVI TO MR. VINCENT LEE HILLYER: THE AGA KHAN (LEFT) WITH THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT THE PERSIAN EMBASSY IN PARIS.

On May 10 Princess Fatima Pahlevi, sister of the Shah of Persia, was married to Mr. Vincent Lee Hillyer, an American, at the Persian Embassy in Paris, according to Muslim rites. The bridegroom was recently converted to Islam, after he and the Princess had been married at a civil ceremony in Italy last month.



MR. FRANKLIN DYALL.

Died on May 8, aged seventy-six. A famous romantic actor, he made his first appearance at the age of twenty with Sir George Alexander and was associated in Shakespearean and romantic plays with Forbes-Robertson, Martin Harvey and Lewis Waller. In later life he was famous for "saturnine villains," especially in "White Cargo" and "The Ringer."



COLONEL RENÉ HARDY (LEFT), THE FRENCH RESISTANCE LEADER, ACQUITTED ON CHARGES OF GIVING INFORMATION TO THE GERMANS. Colonel René Hardy, the French Resistance leader, was acquitted in January 1947 on charges of giving information to the Germans. Two months after this acquittal he was re-arrested and has spent sixty-two months in prison. In April this year he was tried before a military court on charges of betraying his Resistance group to the Gestapo; and on May 8 was acquitted. The verdict was cheered by a crowded court.

NEWLY FOUND AT MOHENJO-DARO: A HUGE 4000-YEAR-OLD GRANARY.



A VIEW OF THE NEWLY-DISCOVERED GREAT GRANARY OF MOHENJO-DARO: A CLOSE-UP OF THE LOADING BAY, WHERE THE WAGONS BROUGHT THEIR LOADS FOR STORAGE.



LOOKING DOWN INTO ONE OF THE LARGE VENTILATION SHAFTS, FLANKED BY SOCKETS FOR THE BIG TIMBERS WHICH SUPPORTED THE VANISHED SUPERSTRUCTURE.

NOW DISCOVERED: THE INDUS CIVILISATION'S BEST-PRESERVED BUILDING.



THE 4000-YEAR-OLD CENTRAL GRANARY STRUCTURE OF THE INDUS VALLEY CITY OF MOHENJO-DARO. IT IS IN THE FORM OF A HUGE BRICK-BUILT BASE FOR A VANISHED TIMBER SUPERSTRUCTURE. IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE MAIN LOADING PLATFORM, WITH THE RECESSED LOADING BAY IN WHICH THE GRAIN WAGONS DISCHARGED THEIR FREIGHT.

The impressive brick-built granary which we show in the photographs on these pages is the best-preserved building of the Indus Valley civilisation of 4000 years ago, and represents the crowning achievement of the first season's work of the three-year-old Archaeological Department of Pakistan. The amazing discoveries of the '20's and later at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa (reported in *The Illustrated London News* of September 20, September 27, October 4, 1924; February 27, March 26, 1926; January 7, January 14, 1928; December 19, 1931; and August 10, 1946) revealed the existence in the Second Millennium B.C. of a riverine civilisation comparable with that of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates Valleys. The Archaeological Department of Pakistan has resumed the immense task of exploring the great mounds that still remain unexcavated at Mohenjo-daro and Harappa; and during the season which has recently ended excavations, directed by Dr. R. E. Mortimer Wheeler (as archaeological adviser to the Pakistan Government), with Pakistani personnel and the assistance of Mr. Leslie Alcock, have led to some remarkably interesting and important discoveries. The chief of these is the granary. This was discovered in the site adjoining the already-known Great Tank, and it has been revealed as a large building of burnt brick still standing 25 ft. high. It is a large burnt-brick platform on a podium of mud-brick about 150 ft. long, and later twice enlarged, and rising to a height of 30 ft. above the level of the plain at the time of its building. The sides are sloped or "battered" and the whole structure must have looked somewhat like a fortress, and may well have played some part in the local fortifications. Its structure presents a number of interesting features. At its summit the mass is intersected by a number of air-ducts. These are shown, partly in the lower-left picture and also at the top of the picture on the right, where a workman can be seen crouching in one of the ducts. The detailed picture of the duct (on the left page) shows also slots which, it is presumed, carried large timber members which played a part in the superstructure which no longer exists and which, it seems certain, was wooden.

Wood has also, rather curiously, been used to reinforce, or "bond," the brickwork in a number of places, both superficially and in the mass. This is a new feature in Indus Civilisation architecture, although there are parallels in other places and periods. Although no doubt a convenient method at the time, it has proved a source of weakness from the long-term viewpoint. The principal architectural feature of the granary is the massive loading platform at one end, from which the actual storage of the grain in the superstructure would be conducted. As our photographs show, this contains a recessed bay into which, no doubt, the laden wagons brought their grain for unloading. The discovery of this granary may be compared with the discovery of a group of smaller granary buildings (with an approximately equal total capacity) at Harappa (see our issue of August 10, 1946), and so, besides providing the best-preserved building of the Indus Civilisation yet known, throws more light on the intensely centralised organisation of the Indus peoples of 4000 years ago. Another interesting, though less spectacular, aspect of the season's work was that concerned with the earlier phases of the city's history. The effect of the gradual deposition of alluvium through the centuries by the River Indus has been to raise the water-table; and in consequence the lower levels of Mohenjo-daro have been submerged and have never been reached by the archaeologist. During the present work, however, digging has been carried on, for the first time, to a depth of 10 ft. below the present water-level. At this depth evidence of occupation is still found and, in consequence, the problem of the city's origin still remains unsolved. Excavations were also carried on at the south-eastern corner of the Citadel, and these revealed a number of rectangular bastions. These, like the granary, showed some signs of timber-bonding. In date it would appear that the great granary was earlier than the Great Tank which it neighbours, as the tank's main drain cuts through a corner of it, but the extension of the granary seems contemporaneous with the tank and the Citadel, and so probably represents a period when the city reached its maximum development and prosperity.

**BOYS AND GIRLS IN
FANCY DRESS DANCE
IN THE MANSION
HOUSE: THE LORD
MAYOR'S YOUNG
GUESTS ON MAY 13.**

THE Lord Mayor's Fancy Dress Ball for Children has long been a regular feature of the Christmas holidays for youngsters in London, but this year it could not be held in January as the redecoration and reparation of the famous Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House was not complete. The hall—now restored to its pre-war magnificence—was reopened on April 19 for the Lord Mayor's Easter Banquet, and the Children's Fancy Dress Ball took place there on Saturday, May 13. Our Artist made this brilliant and lively drawing of the scene from a position in the gallery. Below him were seated the band of the Welsh Guards, splendid in their scarlet tunics, who supplied the music. Exactly opposite, the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress are shown in their state chairs, the Lord Mayor actually receiving a young guest. The Sword-bearer, wearing his traditional high hat of fur, is standing on the left, holding the Sword of State (which dates from 1680), and the mace-bearer is stationed on the right. Firemen may be seen watchfully regarding the scene from the balcony on the left. The children, all wearing fancy dress, range from about six years of age to twelve. Some are seen dancing together, others are partnered by civic dignitaries in their splendid robes, and a few of the youngest guests are darting about among the turning couples without actually taking part in the dancing, but all are blissfully happy. Though all the civic splendour of the Mansion House surrounded the occasion, proceedings were pleasantly informal, and when the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress left their state chairs, any little boy or girl who felt disposed to sit in the seats of the mighty was at liberty to do so. The party, which went on from 3 to 7, not only provided dancing and a sumptuous tea for the young guests, but conjurers and kindred delightful entertainments were arranged in other rooms of the Mansion House, and a Punch-and-Judy Show was (as illustrated) given in the Egyptian Hall.



YOUTHFUL LAUGHTER AND GAIETY IN SURROUNDINGS OF CIVIC SPLENDOR: THE LORD MAYOR ENTERTAINS CHILDREN IN THE NEWLY RESTORED EGYPTIAN HALL OF THE MANSION HOUSE.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY TERENCE CUNEO.

THE CORONATION OF THE KING OF SIAM.



RETURNING TO HIS HOME AFTER CROWNING HIMSELF RAMA IX: THE NEW KING OF SIAM, WITH HIS BRIDE, THE FORMER PRINCESS SIRIKIT KITIYAKARA, IN BANGKOK.



MAKING HER FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS QUEEN OF SIAM: THE YOUTHFUL FORMER PRINCESS SIRIKIT KITIYAKARA WATCHING HER HUSBAND BORNE IN PROCESSION.



THE NEWLY-CROWNED KING RAMA IX. OF SIAM, BORNE ALOFT ON A PALANQUIN TO PAY HOMAGE TO THE EMERALD BUDDHA AT A TEMPLE IN THE ROYAL PALACE GROUNDS.

On April 28 the marriage of King Phumibol Aduldet of Siam to Princess Sirikit Kitiyakara was solemnised at the Palace of the Queen Grandmother in Bangkok and the Royal pair left for Huahin on their honeymoon. On May 5 the coronation ceremony took place in the Golden Pagoda inside the Royal Palace. The twenty-two-year-old King, dressed in heavy robes of gold brocade, placed the crown on his own head, because no one may touch him during the ancient coronation rites, and proclaimed himself Rama IX., "Lord of the earth, unmatched in brilliance and power." As he lifted the nine-tiered crown on to his head, units of the Army and Navy fired salutes of 101 guns and the temple bells of every monastery in his kingdom rang seven times. After the coronation ceremony he was carried on a palanquin in a procession, which was witnessed by the new Queen, to pay homage to the Emerald Buddha at a nearby temple.

THE GRAND PRIX D'EUROPE AT SILVERSTONE.

The holding of the Grand Prix d'Europe, organised by the Royal Automobile Club at Silverstone on May 13, was a great social occasion. It was watched by their Majesties, who were accompanied by Princess Margaret and Lord and Lady Mountbatten; and there was a huge crowd of spectators. The actual racing provided a triumph for Italy as the four Alfa-Romeo cars had little difficulty in leading the field the whole way. One of them, driven by the Argentinian, Fangio, retired after sixty-two laps with a broken oil pipe; and the fourth place was filled by a French Talbot driven by G. Cabantous. The final order of the three Alfa-Romeos was G. Farina (90.95 m.p.h.); L. Fagioli (90.92 m.p.h.) and R. Parnell (90.37 m.p.h.). The 500-c.c. race in the morning provided the excitement and close racing which were lacking in the Grand Prix; and here the first three places were: F. Aikens (Iota), 79.29 m.p.h.; S. Moss (Cooper), two seconds behind him; and P. Collins (Cooper), a fifth of a second behind Moss.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT SILVERSTONE: (L. TO R.) LADY MOUNTBATTEN, THE QUEEN, THE KING, LORD MOUNTBATTEN; AND (EXTREME RIGHT) PRINCESS MARGARET.



CORNERING IN THE GRAND PRIX D'EUROPE, WHICH HE WON AT 90.95 M.P.H.: G. FARINA OF ITALY IN AN ALFA-ROMEO CAR. ALFA-ROMEOS WERE ALSO SECOND AND THIRD.



HIS MAJESTY, SHAKING HANDS WITH THE WINNERS OF THE SMALL CAR RACE: (L. TO R.) F. AIKENS (IOTA), 1; S. MOSS (COOPER), 2; AND P. COLLINS (COOPER), 3.

POLITICAL, CEREMONIAL AND OFF DUTY: NOTABLE EVENTS IN EUROPE AND ASIA.



CELEBRATING THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GERMAN SURRENDER AT RHEIMS: M. AURIOL, THE FRENCH PRESIDENT, BROADCASTING FROM THE ROOM IN WHICH IT WAS SIGNED.

Our group shows the French Minister of Health on the extreme right, while the Mayor of Rheims (wearing glasses) is standing towards the left. The Croix de Guerre was awarded to Epernay and Rheims, and a solemn *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral in honour of Joan of Arc.

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS AT LANCASTER HOUSE: MR. DEVIN (U.K.; second from left); on his left (l. to r.), SIR WILLIAM STRANG, SIR GLADWYN JEBB, M. SCHUMAN (France; extreme right); MR. DEAN ACHESON (U.S.A., profile left foreground), AND (next to him) MR. DOUGLAS (U.S. AMBASSADOR).

The Foreign Ministers of Great Britain, France and the United States reached agreement on all main lines of policy in all parts of the world in their talks on May 11, 12 and 13. They issued a Declaration on Germany reaffirming their desire that she should re-enter the free European community. Though, while Soviet policy remains unchanged, no peace treaty can be concluded, controls will be progressively relinquished "to the maximum extent compatible with the Occupation régime."



WATCHING THE MAY DAY PAGEANT OF RUSSIA'S NEW JET AIRCRAFT: A GROUP OF FOREIGN NAVAL, MILITARY AND AIR ATTACHÉS ON THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW. Our group shows Major-General John O'Daniel, U.S. Military Attaché (second from left, second row), Captain R. I. A. Sarell, D.S.O., R.N., British Naval Attaché (white uniform), Colonel C. D. T. Wynn Pope, British Military Attaché, Air Commodore I. Bird, British Air Attaché, Group Captain Lawson H. Randall, Canadian Air Attaché (second from right, second row). The Danish Naval Attaché, and the Israeli and Finnish Military Attachés are also in the group, as well as Russian officers.



THE REBURIAL OF THE REMAINS OF SHAH REZA PAHLEVI: THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF TEHERAN EN ROUTE FOR THE MARBLE MAUSOLEUM. The remains of Shah Reza Pahlavi, who died in exile in Johannesburg in 1944, and was buried in Cairo, were on May 7 brought by air to Teheran and interred in a great marble mausoleum. The present Shah attended, and all countries having diplomatic relations with Persia, except Soviet Russia and her satellites, were represented at the ceremony.



AFTER HIS SUCCESS IN THE VICTOR WILD STAKES: MR. CHURCHILL AT KEMPTON PARK ON MAY 13 WITH HIS COLONIST II, WHICH WON BY THREE LENGTHS. Mr. Churchill's *Colonist II*, a grey colt by *Rienzi*-*Cybele*, won the Victor Wild Stakes at Kempton Park on Saturday, May 13, with T. Gosling up, from *Jai Mahal*, ridden by Gordon Richards, by three lengths. It was, needless to say, a most popular victory, and there was a storm of cheers from the crowd over Mr. Churchill's success. The owner himself was obviously delighted.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE DESTRUCTIVE MAY-BUG.

By GILBERT NIXON, B.A.

GARDEN cultivation is influenced from time to time by new and sometimes revolutionary ideas. Traditional methods and long-established practices are no longer held to be good merely because they carry the authority of age, and each year sees a little more of their sanctity whittled away. So that now even digging, the royal road to success of every gardener, must face a challenge. It is all so much labour in vain, the new teaching assures us, since what it achieved can be had simply by surface cultivation.

If this less arduous approach to gardening attracts, you must sacrifice that annual occasion of making acquaintance with the numerous creatures, hidden in the ground, that share your garden with you. They crowd every square foot of soil, and for the most part add something to the health or sickness of the plants you grow. Knowing something of them, the gardener distinguishes friends from foes and deals with them appropriately.

With each thrust of the fork or spade into the earth, violent disturbance is brought into the retreat of worms, slugs, centipedes, and a motley host of insects. And when you lift and break the spit, you expose this mixed community to a flood of light which it normally shuns. What is more, you leave these inmates of every broken spit exposed to enemies, such as birds, against which the erstwhile concealment in the ground gave almost complete protection.

The small insects feel the upheaval least and scurry away unnoticed. You would not even suspect their presence, were it not for the robin, so often present, that darts down to take them almost from under your feet. But the bigger fry, for one reason or another, catch your eye as quickly as the robin's. Particularly conspicuous among them are the creamy-white grubs of the cockchafer beetles.

You have to be really fond of insects not to feel at least a twinge of disgust at the sight of the gross, wrinkled body. As a gardener with no special interest in insect life, you would hardly be worth your salt if you could resist the impulse to destroy the grub out of hand. Nor need you have qualms about this summary sentence, for the cockchafer is regarded as a noxious pest by all who know anything of its habits; but its life-history is not without interest. The grub, if not killed, may one day become the cockchafer beetle or may-bug that flies in noisily through the window on warm evenings in early summer. For the cockchafer, like all beetles, undergoes metamorphosis, that startling change of form that enables most insects to appear in several different guises, egg, larva or grub, pupa and adult, each so different that together they belie a common identity.

May and June are the months for cockchafers. During a short life of ten to fifteen days, they mate, devour large quantities of leaves and lay their eggs. They rest by day, but dusk finds them active and using their wings freely.

The eggs are laid in the ground, where they soon hatch into grubs. A curious feature of these grubs is that they grow very slowly, and it is not until the third summer after hatching that they reach maturity. Their food is mainly grass-roots, but the roots of many other kinds of plants are by no means despised. That is why they are often such a nuisance in nursery gardens. How discouraging, for instance, to see a fine bed of strawberries wilt before the subterranean attack of cockchafer grubs. You can lift a plant from the ground, its roots severed, and see two or three of the huge larvæ lying within the hollow once filled by the plant. It is worth while picking one of them up, on a trowel, if you prefer, and taking a look at it.

There is the shiny, golden-brown head equipped with a pair of powerful mandibles, ideal instruments for gnawing through tough, woody roots. The grub uses

its jaws, too, for burrowing through the soil, helped at the same time by its three pairs of legs. The curious way in which the rounded, fleshy tail of the creature is bent forwards under its body is characteristic of the larvæ of many beetles related to the cockchafer. In its normal habitat, the larva doubtless profits from its odd shape, but placed on a flat surface it is forced to lie on its side, deriving no help from its legs.

Winter digging will seldom reveal cockchafer grubs, though the ground may be full of them. At this time of the year they have burrowed deep down into the soil, perhaps as much as 3 ft., and will not bestir themselves again until touched by the warmth of spring. At the end of the third summer the grub changes from an active, feeding larva into a quiescent pupa, from which the adult beetle emerges after about four weeks. The cockchafer, however, does not leave its underground pupal cell, but waits until the following

he devised a rather unusual means of attracting moles into his vineyards to rid them of grubs. Into the soil around the roots of the vines he dug a mixture of pig dung and pig bristles. This bait, he declared, enticed the moles from far and near, so that his ground was quickly cleared of the noxious grubs. It is difficult to see what magical property the bait could have had, but Herr Emminger and a friend of his seem to have been very satisfied with it.

Even if we grant the usefulness of the cockchafer's various enemies, both birds and mammals, in helping to keep it under control, this cannot be put forward as a justification for protecting them without further question. The crow, for example, for all the good it does in this one direction, offsets it by doing a good deal of harm in others. It seems to be recognised that the enemies of the cockchafer keep it within bounds in its natural environment. But where man has cultivated extensively, creating conditions which specially favour the increase of the cockchafer, he is obliged to undertake nine-tenths of the fight against the pest himself.

Fabre, in one of his books, tells us how women and children follow the plough in parts of France in order to collect the grubs as they are thrown up to the surface. He says that $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land have been known to yield as much as 4 cwts. of larvæ.

The cockchafer stands doubly condemned, for it is almost as harmful as an adult beetle as it was as a grub or larva. The beetles feed on the foliage of many kinds of trees, and as they are large, the

amount of leaf they consume is enough to impair very seriously the health of a tree. To make matters worse, the cockchafer has, at regular intervals, so-called flight- or swarm-years, when it suddenly appears in enormous numbers. The depredations of such a plague have sometimes been compared with the ravages caused by locusts. In his delightful little book on British beetles, written in 1875, the Rev. J. C. Wood relates how he saw whole rows of trees in France stripped of their leaves, with the beetles crawling in countless myriads about the naked branches. And Fabre, somewhat extravagantly perhaps, describes how in 1668 a great army of cockchafers destroyed the entire vegetation of an Irish county. The trees looked as bare as in winter and the grinding of the beetles' jaws as they chewed through the leaves was like the sound of a saw cutting through hard wood, while the buzz of their wings resembled the distant roll of drums.

How is such a plague to be dealt with? Left to themselves the beetles will do an immense amount of damage.

Though it may sound laborious, one of the most successful ways of getting rid of them is to beat them from trees into suitable receptacles. By this means over 1000 tons were collected in Austria in 1912, when there was an exceptionally serious outbreak of cockchafers. The disposal of such a huge quantity of beetles is in itself no light problem. A proportion can, of course, be fed to pig and poultry or turned into fertiliser. It is on record that in Hungary, long before the days of the motor-car, the beetles used to be boiled and the oily matter obtained from them used to grease the wheels of carriages.

It is not surprising that an insect, such as the cockchafer, should have found a place in folklore and legend. There is a charming Swedish legend about it which suggests that at least someone thought it was worth keeping alive. If you come across a cockchafer lying on its back, making fruitless efforts to right itself, and if, out of pity, you turn it over, your reward will be the remission of three sins. It is doubtful though, if the gardener would be interested in a long-term investment of this sort; he would rather reprieve, here and now, a few leaves of his fruit trees by crushing the luckless cockchafer beneath his boot.



SOMETIMES APPEARING IN ENORMOUS NUMBERS AND CAUSING SERIOUS DAMAGE THROUGH FEEDING ON THE FOLIAGE OF MANY KINDS OF TREES, PARTICULARLY IN CULTIVATED AREAS WHERE CONDITIONS ARE SPECIALLY FAVOURABLE: THE COMMON COCKCHAFER, OR MAY-BUG; SHOWING (LEFT) THE INSECT CLINGING TO A STEM AND (RIGHT) WITH WINGS SPREAD IN FLIGHT. [Photographs by Harold Bastin].



ONE OF THE GARDENER'S WORST ENEMIES: THE FLESHY LARVA OR GRUB OF THE COCKCHAFER, WHICH FEEDS ON THE ROOTS OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Photograph by Maurice G. Sawyers.

May or June to dig its way out and enter, as a fully-developed beetle, the final phase of its life-cycle.

The grubs of the cockchafer ought to be comparatively free from enemies, seeing that they are hidden beneath the surface of the ground. It is the habit of feeding on the shallow roots of grass in the summer that leads to their undoing. Many kinds of birds are skilful at discovering their whereabouts. And to see a mistle-thrush hunting for the grubs on a lawn is both entertaining and instructive. Suddenly the bird halts, cocks its head on one side, and then, with thrusts of its beak, digs furiously into the soil, to be rewarded after a moment with a large and succulent morsel.

Even more useful than birds as a slayer of cockchafer grubs is the mole. It devours enormous numbers of them as it tunnels through the earth in search of food to satisfy its voracious appetite. Continental observers consider there is a connection between the number of moles in a district and the size of its cockchafer population. A book devoted almost entirely to discussing outbreaks of cockchafers in various parts of Europe mentions how a certain Herr Emminger was so caught up by this idea that



A SIGHT TO THRILL HUCKLEBERRY FINN: TWO BOYS, EXCITEDLY EXAMINING THE SHOAL OF STRANDED WHALES, GIVE DIRECTIONS TO THE CAMERAMAN AT THORNTON LOCH.



NEPTUNE'S UNWELCOME GIFT: A CROWD OF SIGHTSEERS SILENTLY WATCH THE DYING STRUGGLES OF A SHOAL OF 147 WHALES STRANDED ON THE BEACH NEAR DUNBAR.

A STRANGE MARITIME DISASTER, REPEATING THAT OF A FEW WEEKS AGO: SOME OF THE 147 WHALES STRANDED ON A BEACH NEAR DUNBAR, EAST LoTHIAN, ON MAY 13.

On April 23, ninety-seven pilot whales were stranded on the beach in the Bay of Holland, Stronsay, Orkney Islands. There they died, and the disposal of their bodies presented the authorities with a problem. Eventually they were towed out into deep water by fishermen, but a number drifted back to the shore. On May 13 a shoal of 162 whales were stranded at Thornton Loch, four miles south of Dunbar, East Lothian, and although fifteen struggled back into deep water the

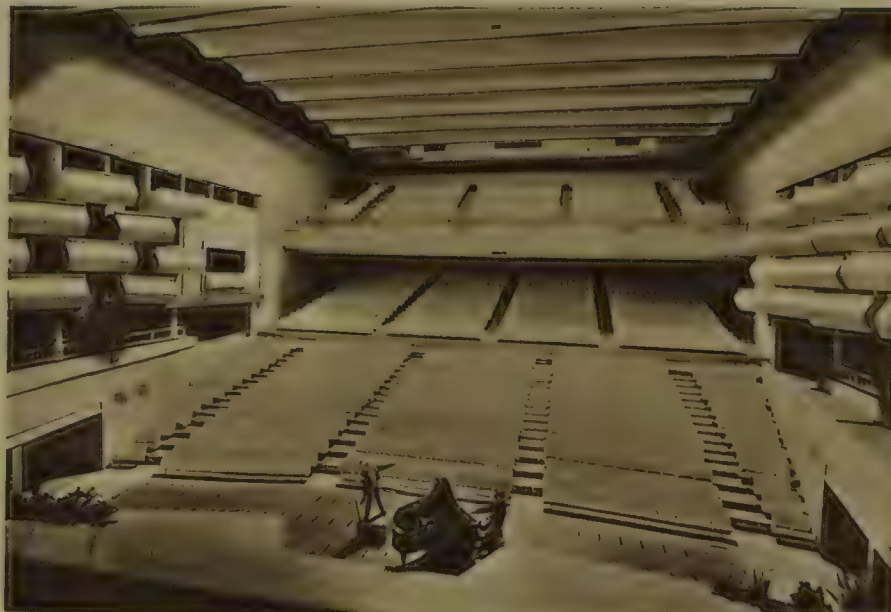
remainder, after spending many hours in the hot sun, roaring and lashing their tails, perished. Attempts were made to carry some of the calves into deep water, but as soon as they were released they turned for the shore again and joined their fellows on the beach. The news of the stranding brought thousands of curious spectators to the spot in cars, buses and on bicycles to witness the melancholy spectacle of the dying whales, for it was impossible to help them.

THE WORLD'S AFFAIRS—GREAT PROJECTS AND FAMOUS OCCASIONS.



(ABOVE.) ARNHEM FIVE YEARS AFTER THE LIBERATION OF HOLLAND BY THE ALLIES: A VIEW OF THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE, WHICH WAS OPENED ON MAY 9.

Arnhem, where the 1st British Airborne Division won imperishable glory, has been chosen as the setting for an exhibition, "Milestone 1950," designed to show the progress of recovery during the past five years in the Netherlands. The exhibition was opened on May 5 by Dr. Drees, the Prime Minister, and will remain open for about three months. The new bridge was officially opened on May 9.



(ABOVE.) WHAT THE INTERIOR OF THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL WILL LOOK LIKE: A SCALE MODEL OF THE DESIGN OF THE FESTIVAL HALL, NOW FAST RISING ON THE SOUTH BANK.

In our last issue we gave pictures of the Royal visit to the Festival of Britain site on the South Bank of the Thames, and reported that their Majesties examined the fast-rising structure of the Festival Hall, being shown the site where the Royal box would be placed. We here give a photograph of the interior of a scale model of the Royal Festival Hall, to show approximately what it will be like when completed. Mr. Robert H. Matthew and a selected team of L.C.C. architects were responsible for its design, and Mr. Hope Bagenall has acted as acoustics consultant. The design of the boxes and the seating is planned to give uninterrupted view and the best possible acoustics.

(RIGHT.) THE WORLD'S LARGEST CONCRETE STRUCTURE AND THE PRINCIPAL FEATURE OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER BASIN PROJECT: THE GRAND COULEE DAM.

On May 11 President Truman dedicated the Grand Coulee Dam, the largest concrete structure in the world, which has taken sixteen years to build and needed approximately 21,600,000 tons of concrete. He also dedicated the Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake, the reservoir formed by the dam, which stretches 151 miles back through the State of Washington to the Canadian border. The great dam is the central feature of the Columbia basin project and is a combined irrigation and power scheme and will also be of value in flood control.



DANCING ON STILTS: SHEPHERDS OF THE LANDES REGION PERFORMING IN A TRADITIONAL DANCE AT A CONGRESS HELD IN PARIS ON MAY 11.

At the Agricultural Catholic Congress held at the Parc des Princes, in Paris, on May 11 a party of shepherds from the Landes region performed a traditional dance on stilts. For generations the shepherds have used stilts to keep their feet dry when crossing marshy ground, and find that they provide good observation points from which to see the flocks among the brushwood in the area.



PATting THE NOSE OF A CHARGER AFTER THE MUSICAL RIDE: THE EARL OF ATHLONE INSPECTING THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AT THE ROYAL WINDSOR SHOW.

One of the features of the Royal Windsor Show which opened on May 11 was the musical ride by the Household Cavalry. The Earl of Athlone was present on the second day and took the salute at the end of the ride and inspected the men and horses before they left the ring. There was a very good attendance and record entries, with a welcome innovation in the class for polo ponies.

EVENTS ON LAND AND WATER: A SURVEY OF THE NEWS IN PICTURES.



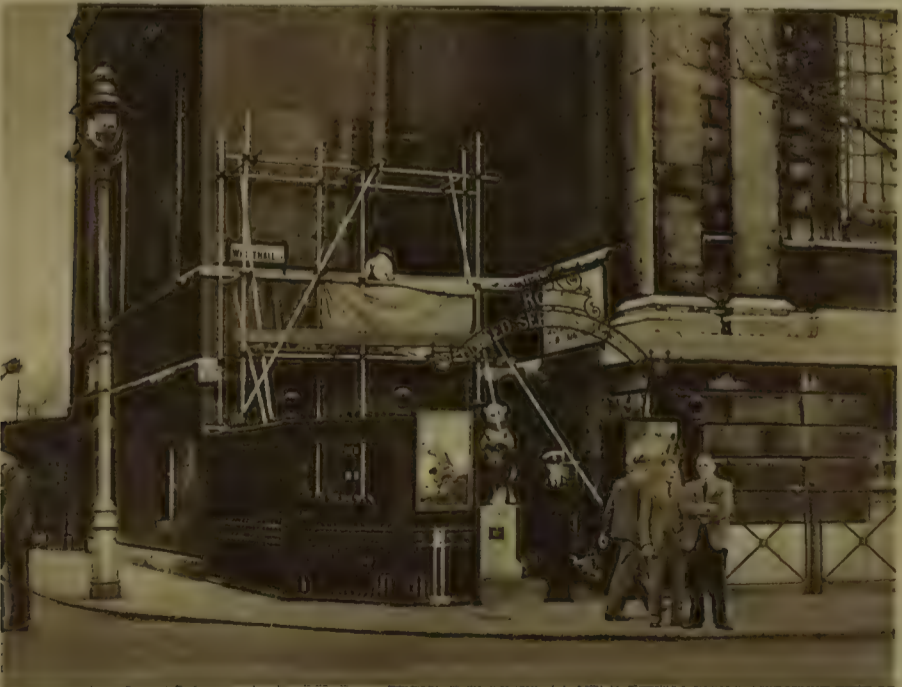
BY ROAD AND WATER TO AN ISLAND SUMMER RESORT: THE DESIGNER AND HIS FAMILY TRAVELLING TO LAKE WASHINGTON IN THE ISLAND COMMUTER.

The strange land-water vehicle illustrated here has been designed by Mr. T. Sulak, of Washington, to transport his family to and from an island summer resort. It is powered by two aircraft-engine-driven propellers mounted on the deck and has a land speed of some 50 m.p.h.



A RAILWAY DISASTER REPORTED TO BE DUE TO SABOTAGE: THE WRECK OF THE PUNJAB MAIL TRAIN NEAR JASIDIH STATION, IN BIHAR.

On May 7 the Punjab mail train from Calcutta to Delhi was derailed near Jasidih Station, in Bihar, and the locomotive and three carriages rolled down an embankment. Seventy-one persons were killed and about seventy-eight injured. It was reported that the disaster was due to sabotage as there were signs that fish-plates and bolts had been deliberately removed from the line. Recently the Minister of State for Railways stated that in the last six months there have been ninety-one cases of attempted sabotage.



CORRECTING AN HISTORICAL INACCURACY: A WORKMAN ERECTING A BUST OF CHARLES I.

ABOVE THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE MUSEUM IN WHITEHALL. For many years a tablet beneath the lower central window of the Royal United Service Museum in the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall has marked the spot where Charles I. passed through to the scaffold erected in the roadway in front of it. For some time it has been known that the actual site was, in fact, at the end of the Hall, over what is now the public entrance. A bronze bust of the Martyr King, presented by the Royal Stuart Society, is now being placed in position there.



AN AMAZING OPTICAL DELUSION CAUSED BY REFLECTION: THE GREAT LINER QUEEN ELIZABETH APPARENTLY INSIDE THE NEW OCEAN TERMINAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

This remarkable photograph was taken from outside through a window of the new Southern Region Ocean Terminal, Southampton, and gives the astonishing impression that the liner *Queen Elizabeth* is actually inside the building in which the men are seen working. The illusion is caused by a reflection in the window. The Terminal, which will serve the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*, will add greatly to the comfort of visitors arriving in this country by sea. It is expected to be in use this summer.



REHEARSING FOR THE BATH ASSEMBLY BALL: MEMBERS OF THE BRISTOL OPERATIC SOCIETY BRING BACK THE COSTUME, GRACE AND ELEGANCE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The third Bath Assembly, a festival of the arts lasting for a fortnight, opened on May 8 with a luncheon held at the Pump Room, and presided over by the Mayor, Councillor Leslie Punter. Students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art presented an interlude illustrating the history of the city. The Countess of Harewood opened an exhibition of antique furniture staged at the Guildhall and, with the Earl of Harewood, attended the London Opera Society production of "The Secret Marriage" and "Prima Donna."

The World of the Theatre.

WINE AND WATER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EXCITEMENT in the theatre, when developed by a master, is a grand thing; and I go to any "Julius Caesar" knowing that, whatever the production is like, I shall infallibly be excited. This has held good through some extraordinary performances. I recall a Cassius with a voice borrowed from an angry buzz-saw; a Brutus who had a habit of addressing other people as "noble Brutus," to the general confusion and alarm; an Antony who orated with his back to the audience; and a corpse of Caesar that changed its position on the bier during the funeral speech. Yet those evenings were exciting. The play drives on with so much direct vigour. You may argue that, at the end, it tails into a ragged droop of short scenes. Maybe, but these have fine moments: the death of Cassius has never failed to move me, and to remind me also, as Cassius gasps "Caesar, thou art revenged Even with the sword that killed thee," that Caesar's spirit does still stalk abroad; that the play, after all, is well-named. Presently Brutus cries: "O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet." We echo him, even though Shakespeare has presented nothing noticeably great in the peevish, failing dictator of his early scenes.

During the last decade there have been very few revivals. "Caesar" has stayed in the slough of neglect where most Shakespearean plays must linger from time to time. Its return to the Stratford-upon-Avon repertory is like a strong draught of wine. At the premiere I knew that all was safe with the evening as soon as John Gielgud's Cassius began to urge Brutus to the edge. This scene proved to be one of the noblest feats of declamation in my experience. Though I recognised Gielgud's quality as a Shakespearean, I did not expect this leaping blaze of speech. He has been the principal violin of our stage. Here now, as Cassius, he moves one like the Coronation trumpets in the Abbey. This Cassius "thinks too much," but he is also a fiery spirit. The sweep of Gielgud's speech is magnificent to hear. I hope it will be heard and marked by those who still regard it as "ham" (a word yet dreadfully fashionable) to deliver Shakespearean verse with the relish with which we

is certainly not the scene as Leonard Digges (author of memorial verses in the First and Second Folios) remembered it. Digges wrote that he would not think Shakespeare dead until he could hear "a scene more nobly take Than when thy half-sword-parleying Romans spake." Gielgud's Cassius soon recovers; and his parting from Brutus and his death scene are

is really no more than a metronomic beat; it is a relief, for a moment, to hear in the last scene a short passage from Shelley. This is a random sample of the Eliot text (the speaker is the psychiatrist in his Harley Street consulting-room):

Now I want to point out to both of you
How much you have in common. Indeed, I consider
That you are exceptionally well-suited to each other.
Mr. Chamberlayne, when you thought your wife had
left you,
You discovered, to your surprise and
consternation,
That you were not really in love with
Miss Coplestone...

The self-appointed "guardians," who meddle in other people's lives, are smug and tiresome. One scene only pulses in recollection: that in which a young girl chooses the way of life, the "terrifying journey," that leads her to a terrifying death. Irene Worth acted this passage beautifully at Edinburgh, and although Margaret Leighton, who plays it now, lacks Miss Worth's special intensity, she does manage to move us. On the whole, the Edinburgh cast, practically the same as that in New York, seems to me to have been the better. Rex Harrison's personal charm at the New Theatre cannot endear to us the hieratic First Guardian, and we miss Alec Guinness's authority. Most of the other people are author-manipulated marionettes: Gladys Boot and Ian Hunter come off better than the rest. E. Martin Browne has once more produced to admiration, but the fact remains that, while in Stratford I was glowing from the



"LIKE A STRONG DRAUGHT OF WINE": THE RETURN TO THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON REPERTORY OF "JULIUS CAESAR." THE SCENE AS ANTONY (ANTHONY QUAYLE) DELIVERS THE FAMOUS FUNERAL ORATION OVER CAESAR'S DEAD BODY.

both safe in memory. Neither the Brutus (Harry Andrews) nor the Antony (Anthony Quayle) can match this Cassius. Brutus is almost too restrained, and Antony is no spellbinder. For all that, the actors do not let down the play, and there are various small-part performances by Michael Gwynn (the wasp of a Casca), Alan Badel, Nigel Green, Robert Shaw, and others that help to sustain our excitement.

Andrew Cruickshank preserves the illusion of "mighty Caesar"; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is not yet the Portia she will be later in the run; Barbara Jefford knows all about Calpurnia and the portents. There is a robustious crowd—too noisy indeed at times, but full of enthusiasm. After the premiere many of us left the Memorial on a pin-still, moon-silvered night, feeling tingling in the blood that only an exciting theatrical occasion can bring.

So much, then, for the wine. The next evening's play in London was, by comparison, all too watery. Here I went again in search of excitement—only to find little. Last September, after hearing "The Cocktail Party" at Edinburgh, I wrote that T. S. Eliot's "union of mysticism and glib comedy, of high living and high thinking, quite defeated me." Having now read the play and listened to it twice, I have nothing to withdraw. The verse



A PLAY BY T. S. ELIOT WHICH WILL BE "A TALKING-POINT IN THE LONDON THEATRE THIS SUMMER": "THE COCKTAIL PARTY," AT THE NEW THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) LAVINIA CHAMBERLAYNE (ALISON LEGGATT), AN UNIDENTIFIED GUEST (REX HARRISON) AND EDWARD CHAMBERLAYNE (IAN HUNTER).

can be sure it was written. Excitement: that is the theatre's constant need, and it is excitement that we get at Stratford-upon-Avon. No less an authority than Granville Barker, when considering the character of Cassius, once said coldly: "Nothing is so monotonous as excitement." I feel he would now be among the first to dip his flag in salute to Gielgud's deeply-felt and calculated performance, which is never for a second within reach of monotony.

The revival falls short in the Quarrel scene. Here, for much of the time, the producers—Anthony Quayle and Michael Langham—keep Brutus and Cassius fixed, a table between them. It is cramping; this



"ONE OF THE DOMINATING PERFORMANCES OF THE YEAR": JOHN GIELGUD AS CASSIUS IN SHAKESPEARE'S ROMAN TRAGEDY, "JULIUS CAESAR," AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

moment the curtain rose on "Julius Caesar," at the New I was snatching anxiously at such stray flickers of excitement as the evening offered. Certainly the play will be a talking-point in the London theatre this summer; but I would hesitate to make any extravagant claim about its importance. There should be music! the air; Eliot never summons it. "Everyone makes a choice, of one kind or another, And then must take the consequences." Exactly; my own choice is not "The Cocktail Party." Not yet.

Other recent specks of excitement have been in some of the little theatres. Priestley's "Bright Shadow," at the Q, a piece written for repertory and short-run stages, gave the pleasure inseparable from the study of a technician's work. Hugh Sutherland, author of "May the Lord Have Mercy . . ." (Gateway), showed himself to be a dramatist with a keen edge to his mind. An imaginative performance (by Beatrice Kane) and a comparable production (by Pierre Rouve) got something from a banal Cornish melodrama, also at the Gateway. Certain streaks of wit in a propagandist fantasy by Ewan MacColl (Unity) made one regret that he was harnessed to politics. But everything I have seen for weeks must pale before the first twenty minutes in "Julius Caesar": here again is Gielgud triumphant.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"JULIUS CAESAR" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—Now that the Roman tragedy has returned in a major production, I suppose we shall have a run of "Caesars." None, I feel, will present a more stirring Cassius than John Gielgud's; one of the dominating performances of the year. We might have expected Gielgud to play Brutus (Harry Andrews has the part at Stratford), but he has justified strongly his choice of Cassius. Others in the cast are sound without being inspired.

"THE COCKTAIL PARTY" (New).—T. S. Eliot's piece, a psychiatric-mystical tragic-comedy, I find fuzzy and grey as at Edinburgh. It is handsomely produced by E. Martin Browne, and ably acted in the main, though the Edinburgh-and-New York cast has more spirit, and Rex Harrison at the New cannot compete with Alec Guinness.

"SAUCE PIQUANTE" (Cambridge).—The trappings of this Cecil Landeau revue, its costumes and its sets, are more memorable than its comedy, which is intermittent and frequently tedious. There is plenty for the eye; Halama and Konarski are first-rate dancers. The ear is less fortunate. I recall a curious collectors' line in a lyric: "The next thing I'll do is proposition you."

"HELL IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT" (Unity).—This propaganda-piece, by Ewan MacColl, begins cheerfully on the bank of Styx, but as soon as we get to Hell (Lucifer in command) the night becomes a protracted Left turn.



SITUATED SOME 250 MILES NORTH-WEST OF NAIROBI: ANOTHER VIEW OF LAKE BARINGO, NEAR WHICH 300 SUK TRIBESMEN ATTACKED A POLICE PARTY.

(ABOVE.) IN THE VICINITY OF THE CLASH BETWEEN A POLICE PARTY AND SUK TRIBESMEN ON APRIL 24: LAKE BARINGO.

THE TRIBAL OUTBREAK IN KENYA: LAKE BARINGO AND SUK WARRIORS.

A SERIOUS clash between a police party and Suk tribesmen occurred on April 24 at Nginyang, north of Lake Baringo, Kenya. The police were on their way to the Suk country, in search of Lucas Kipkech, an African leader of a proscribed religious sect, the Dini Ya Msambwa, who escaped recently from prison into the Suk Reserve. They encountered him, with some 300 Suk tribesmen, and attempted to parley: but Kipkech led the Suk in a spear attack, and the police opened fire, killing him and some twenty tribesmen. Three European officers, Mr. Alan James Stevens, District Administrative Officer, Mr. George Milne Taylor, Assistant Superintendent, Kenya Police, and Mr. Robert Grant Cameron, Assistant Police Inspector, were killed, as well as an African policeman. The Dini Ya Msambwa sect has for the past two years caused much trouble, and its adherents have been responsible for many cases of arson on European farms in the Trans-Nzoia District. A Commission of Inquiry, under the chairmanship of Sir Claud Seton, formerly Chief Justice of Fiji, has been appointed to examine every aspect of the outbreak.

(RIGHT.) SUK TRIBESMEN: NATIVES TYPICAL OF THOSE INVOLVED IN A CLASH WITH A POLICE PARTY.



SHOWING THEIR SPEARS, LEOPARD-SKIN CLOAKS AND OSTRICH-FEATHER HEAD-DRESSES: A PARTY OF SUK TRIBESMEN IN FULL BATTLE ATTIRE.



ARMED WITH SPEARS AND WEARING THEIR LEOPARD-SKIN CLOAKS AND OSTRICH-FEATHER HEAD-DRESSES: A PARTY OF SUK WARRIOR TRIBESMEN ON THE MOVE.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. WALNUT, MAHOGANY AND GILDING.

By FRANK DAVIS.

office, inherited from a distant predecessor, its spartan austerity mitigated by a leather cushion. All these are four-square, and are made for use, not for ornament.

Here in Fig. 2 is that simple type twisted to

look. Consider these. Three legs swell outwards slightly at the foot, which not only adds to their strength, but makes them look strong; at least, I think so. The fourth is a massive cabriole, carved at the knee, and terminating in a claw-and-ball foot. Above that,

and running along each of the two sides in front, is a narrow, carved gadroon edging. The top of the back rail is carved with an acanthus pattern, and the two broad slats between the three main supports are pierced and carved with a related design. Each end of the back rail terminates in a graceful whorl. All this is not to everyone's taste, nor is the chair made for slumber, but it is a fine thing and equally at home in a palace or a modest sitting-room. Wood: mahogany; style: Chippendale; craftsmanship: splendid; construction: honest; period: about 1760. A little tiring to spend a whole evening on this chair? I don't think so—still, let's move to something more obviously comfortable (Fig. 3). It is still a chair of ceremony, and was probably made ten or twenty years later. Its ancestry is undoubtedly French, and this is how Robert Adam adapted a very popular French style to his own purposes. Padded, oval back, wide padded seat, the wood gilt. The chair, with five of its brethren, appeared at Christie's at the beginning of this month, sent by the Marquess of Salisbury. The seat and panels to back and arms are covered in floral red damask. Several points are worth noting—the way the back legs, slightly splayed, rise up to join the oval back, the turned and fluted legs, the cushioned arm-

supports—a characteristic touch, this. Very much out of the ordinary is the spiral turning of the two arms for 2 or 3 ins. where they join the back.

It occurs to me that I may have given the impression that no one thought of comfort until the eighteenth century was coming to an end. By no means. The upholsterer ("upholder" is the pleasant, old-fashioned term) flourished long before that: the seventeenth century knew him; and so did Queen Anne and George I. Without discussing those sleep-inducing wing arm-chairs which came in quite early

in the century, and keeping strictly to chairs of ceremony, here in Fig. 4 is a good example, chosen at random from another Christie sale, sent by the Wauchope Settlement Trust. Period: George I.; wood: walnut, with the characteristic waisted back of the period; and covered in floral green damask. The cabriole legs are gilt on the knees and carved with scallop shells, from which depend ornaments; the claw-and-ball feet are also gilt.

This latter refinement is a trifle surprising to modern taste, as it gives the impression that the two legs are wearing booties or ankle-socks—which proves nothing, except that the taste of to-day for ceremonial furniture is not that of the subjects of George I.

This particular chair is one of a set of four, and there were other similar giltwood examples in the same property, but with the legs gilded all over. Four, very like the example illustrated, were upholstered in dark-blue damask with a design of Chinese figures, pagodas and flowering plants and trees, while a pair of stools were covered in embroidery worked in colours, with formal tulip flowers in panels.



FIG. 1. SHOWING THE FRIEZE DRAWER (WHICH HAS SUPPORTS TO THE GROUND) OPEN: A RARE AND EARLY GEORGIAN WALNUT KNEE-HOLE TOILET-TABLE.

This toilet- or dressing-table is of exceptionally fine colour. It is veneered on four sides in burrwood with boxwood stringing and cross-banding, the top quarter veneered and the framework in straight-grained walnut. The frieze drawer, with supports to the ground in the same manner as an architect's table, contains compartments, drawers and secret drawers.

By Courtesy of Sotheby and Co.

form a corner chair: the illustration makes further explanation unnecessary. Simple indeed, but simplicity garnished with the elegant trimmings of the town, a country lass dressed for a soirée in the Pump Room at Bath at the height of the season. In a hurried age details are doubly worth a second



FIG. 2. ONE OF A PAIR: A CHIPPENDALE CARVED MAHOGANY CORNER CHAIR, c. 1760. Frank Davis, in the article on this page, describes this Chippendale carved mahogany corner chair as "simple indeed, but simplicity garnished with the elegant trimmings of the town, a country lass dressed for a soirée in the Pump Room at Bath..."

By Courtesy of M. Harris and Sons.

DO you, O reader, suffer from a magpie fixation? Do you hide away papers, odds and ends of jewellery, and what not, in the drawers of writing-desks and, finding them months and years afterwards, wonder why you preserved such useless trifles? Do you crave for more and more cabinets and chests so that you may conceal yet more precious and valueless objects? If you are a man, you probably do. Women have more sense; besides, they are fully occupied in the nearly hopeless task of bringing some sort of order into the chaos you have thus created. That, I think, is one reason why people like ourselves are fascinated by the ingenious devices of the cabinet-maker when—as he sometimes does—he sets his mind to invent a piece of furniture which contains numerous receptacles; the more neatly he sub-divides his box of tricks and the more hiding-places he provides, the more we like it. This profound piece of self-analysis occurred to me when I looked at the dressing-table which is illustrated in Fig. 1 when it appeared at Sotheby's last month. There are, to be sure, other reasons, æsthetic and not so childish, which cause us to take more than a passing interest in such a piece as this—the rich quality of the burr walnut, for example—but the one I have mentioned is powerful and compelling, though, maybe, not always admitted. When one hears of an eighteenth-century fitted dressing-table, one thinks inevitably of certain pieces of elegant nonsense, fathered mainly by Thomas Sheraton, or at least influenced by his designs and probably carried out in satinwood or rosewood or mahogany, a few years before or after 1800. This dressing-table is much earlier—it is not likely to be later than, say, 1725—and is an adaptation of a not uncommon type of chest of drawers, the main features of which can be seen sufficiently well in the photograph.

The most unusual part of it is the frieze drawer—the upper one—which does not pull out in the normal way, but brings with it two legs which fit into the corners (you can see the vacant place left by the one on the right), so that the drawer can stand firmly on its supports in the manner of an architect's table. In it are various compartments, drawers and secret drawers, and a hinged flap with a bevelled mirror plate. Beneath are six pedestal drawers, and in the centre a recessed cupboard for shoes. The top is hinged to the front and can be raised on a ratchet support; on each side are slides for candlesticks. In short, a thing specially designed to appeal to the magpie-minded. Its other and more sedate virtues? Fine colour, fine figure, boxwood stringing and cross-bandings—a most unusual piece.

Now for a chair from an ordinary family, but of far from ordinary quality. The type is common enough, and in its most familiar aspect—*genus rusticum*—is to be seen in innumerable kitchens and offices. I mean those chairs of beech or elm or ash, with turned legs and turned spindles to form the backs and with seats shaped to fit more or less—and often less—the human carcass. There is one in my



FIG. 4. WITH THE CHARACTERISTIC WAISTED BACK OF THE PERIOD: A GEORGE I. WALNUT CHAIR COVERED IN FLORAL GREEN DAMASK. This chair of ceremony—one of a set of four—has cabriole legs, gilt on the knees and carved with scallop shells, from which depend ornaments. The claw-and-ball feet are also gilt, giving the impression that the two legs wear booties or ankle-socks.

By Courtesy of Christie's.

THE
ROTHENSTEIN
MEMORIAL SHOW
AT THE
TATE GALLERY:
A SELECTION OF
WORKS ON VIEW.

THE current show in the series of Memorial Exhibitions of British Artists arranged by the Trustees of the Tate Gallery is devoted to the work of the late Sir William Rothenstein (1872-1945), whose son, Dr. John Rothenstein, is the Director of the Tate Gallery. William Rothenstein gave evidence of remarkable talent at a very early age, and his first exhibition was held in Paris when he was nineteen. His work immediately attracted the attention of Degas, and in the early 1890's this great French painter and Whistler were the most formative influences on Rothenstein's art, but his was an original talent, and the freshness of his outlook is obvious in the

(Continued below.)



(ABOVE, LEFT.) PAINTED IN 1925: "BARNETT FREEDMAN," A PORTRAIT BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN ON VIEW IN THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.
(Lent by the Tate Gallery.)



(ABOVE, RIGHT.) PAINTED IN 1941: "JAMES STEPHENS," ONE OF THE PORTRAITS ON VIEW IN THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.
(Presented by Miss Flora Russell to the Tate Gallery through the National Art-Collections Fund.)



PAINTED IN 1906: "THE CHURCH OF ST. SEINF L'ABBAYE." (Lent by the City Art Galleries, Manchester. Rutherson Loan Collection.)



PAINTED IN 1909, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS THIRTY-SEVEN: "CLIFFS AT VAUCOTTES," A LANDSCAPE BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN.
(Lent by the Tate Gallery.)



PAINTED IN 1918: "BLASTED TREES, BOURLON WOOD, WESTERN FRONT." (Lent by the Artist's executors.)



PAINTED IN 1900: "SELF-PORTRAIT," INSCRIBED W. R. AND DATED. BY THE LATE SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN. TWO OTHER SELF-PORTRAITS ARE SHOWN.
(Lent by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.)

(Continued.)
works belonging to this period. Many of them have the greatest distinction, and will have special interest for those who are only acquainted with his later works. Augustus John, still a Slade student when his first meeting with Rothenstein took place, has contributed an appreciation to the catalogue, and Biographical and Critical notes have been supplied by John Piper. Rothenstein's first exhibition was held in Paris in 1891 with Conder, and his last, "Drawings of the 'Nineties,'" in 1943 in London. In 1942 he held an exhibition of R.A.F. Drawings at the Leicester Galleries. He was an official War Artist, 1917-18, in World War I, and worked for the R.A.F. during the recent war. Some of the R.A.F. drawings were done under conditions of unparalleled difficulty; and his death was in fact due to overstrain from war-time causes. From 1920 to 1935 he was Principal of the Royal College of Art, and his 1938 exhibition of "Fifty Years of Painting" at the Leicester Galleries will be remembered. The Memorial Show will continue at the Tate until June 4, when the Arts Council are arranging that it shall go on a tour.



PAINTED c. 1900: "AUGUSTUS JOHN, O.M.," A PORTRAIT OF THE DISTINGUISHED ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.
(Lent by the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.)

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

HOW true to say that a new novel by Rose Macaulay is an "exciting literary event"! After all these years. Yet, though excited, I embarked on "The World My Wilderness" (Collins; 8s. 6d.) with some trepidation. Years ago, I used to wallow in her books, yet rather blush for my own enjoyment; and this inner conflict, at an age when one feels called upon to like the "right things," has left its mark. There was some reason to regard her as a vice, I think even now. At least she never did write good novels; and how could one expect it, of a novelist who doesn't like fiction, whose attitude appears to be "Never touch the stuff," and whose essential taste is for the blue lagoon without the love interest? But though her tales are lacking in creative impulse, let alone power, they have their function as a playground for the ironic, witty, highly personal commentator. And now it seems to me quite lawful to enjoy them as such.

Alas, the sparkle has diminished. This narrative is darkly overhung by the "region cloud"—war and the aftermath of war. Its tragic focus is the young Barbary, child of the *maquis*, of divorced parents, of terror and dismay. Her mother, whom she worships, is ultra-civilised, but lazy, sensual and aloof. Her father is a K.C., of great distinction and unbending morals. Her French stepfather, a jolly, comfort-loving soul, collaborated in a mild way. Now the war is over, the jolly stepfather is drowned, but still the *maquis* goes on; and Barbary and little Raoul are still running wild in it. To them revolt and violence are the norm. It doesn't strike them that the peace has changed anything; perhaps they don't know it has arrived.

This is rather awkward, and they are sent away to London. Even Raoul finds it pretty grim; and Barbary, estranged from her adored mother, is lost and miserable beyond expression. So she goes looking for the *maquis*—and there it is, in the fantastic wilderness around St. Paul's. They choose a private den among the ruins, play house, play church, and play Gestapo-and-Resistance, and believe every word of it. They have their fellow-*maquisards*, deserters and other strays. They steal without a qualm. Till one day the police catch up with them; and Barbary's relenting mother comes to the rescue.

I have yet to name the key-fact: Barbary is seventeen. And she behaves like a child of ten, when she is not behaving like a moron. Causes for her state are piled up, almost to excess; but she is not the first of her kind. Long ago it was apparent that the author likes Peter Pans; she likes arrested development, in tomboy form. And if she does not much care for novels, I suspect it is because she does not much care for most of life. Untainted youth on one hand, cerebral aloofness on the other—but not the middle area, where most of life is transacted. In this book, her inhibitions are discreet, her Peter Pan has a tragic gloss, her gaiety is dimmed. But then she has the ruined City. There, like Barbary, she feels at home, and her imagination delights to play.

"Apology for a Hero," by A. L. Barker (Hogarth Press; 10s. 6d.), does not come through so well; it has not the crispness and lucidity, the personal hall-mark. But it is really trying to grapple with the nature of things. Its "hero," Charles Candy, feels that he is no one definite, and chafes at this lack of outline. Dim, tentative, mistrustful, he goes through life in a perpetual worry about what to do, and nervous dread of all situations. Yet underneath, he thinks there must be a "true" Charles Candy, an adequate though hidden self. Travel might bring it to the light; and when he comes into a small fortune he therefore goes straight to Italy. However, the Italian Charles is just the old shadow, in a more worrying predicament. But though he doesn't find himself, he finds Wynne—small, clear and wonderfully reassuring. To his amazement she becomes his wife; and he becomes a real person, a man of property, the owner of a fine Cornish house. Only Wynne's belief in him created this man of substance; but Conceive, too, has an effect, and turns him pompous and self-approving.

And then her sister Perry strolls in from the world's end. Perry is a vagrant, a little tough, the widow of a drunken Dutchman; she leans on nobody, and seems prepared to risk anything. The old Charles would be scared, the lord of Conceive is outraged by her. And yet he can't help envying her way of life, her twopence-coloured experience.

And after all, the man of substance was a figment. Disaster swallows him; and Charles's next attempt to find his real self is made on very different lines. This last adventure has a quality of dream, and in the whole book there is something unrealised, something that evades full expression. But there is also an acute sense of this strange world, of human character and loneliness.

"The Widow," by Susan Yorke (John Lehmann; 9s. 6d.), is American and culture-conscious, highly sophisticated. A woman tells the story of her last love-affair, to the young man she destroyed; and there are no names. The scene, in South America, is nameless; the leading character is just "the widow," her lover "you," her lover's friend "the stooge," and his girl "the novia."

The widow is an "older woman," rich, worldly, capable, alluring, and hard as nails. Her life has always been directed by a cool head, steering implacably for comfort and self-sufficiency. But she has always known the price: that in the end she would fall in love with a younger man. Now he has turned up. She must win him; and then she must destroy him, for her own safety. In many ways, the lover is her male counterpart. But he is also a European, cherishing a "death-wish"; and there she has him. Only this time she had not foreseen there would be something to pay. Brilliant—and rather irritating, in its heavy sophistication.

"Late Last Night," by James Reach (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), is about a Brooklyn murder in the small hours. The dead man is better dead; the man on trial, an ex-gangster, has deserved to "burn" long ago. And now he is in peril of burning for that sole reason. But Gregory could save his life. We are not told how; but obviously by a great, perhaps supreme, sacrifice. Ought he to do it? Can he do it? And will it come to that?

The tale skips about, from one angle to another. It is highly digestible—and entertainment has the last word.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

MORE ABOUT CHESS BOOKS.

IT is well known in the trade that whereas people only borrow books to be amused, they willingly buy them to be instructed. If our artistically-minded friends fully realised the overwhelming importance to book-printers of such things as arithmetic textbooks when compared with collections of essays and poems, they would despair for us even more than they do.

THEY ARE NOT AMUSED.

Most keen chess players possess half-a-dozen or so books on the game, almost invariably serious, instructional works which the possessor hopes will help him to climb the ladder in his club and gradually enable him to overcome opponents who have hitherto been his bugbears. The demand for the few chess books which aim only to amuse and divert is negligible.

BEST PLAYERS NOT BEST TEACHERS.

The best-selling books are the more elementary, for the natural reason that their potential market is humanity itself. An attractive format has sold some chess books, energetic marketing others; others have been carried along by sheer literary charm, but the biggest guarantee of sales among really ambitious students of the game is success in practical play by the author. Alekhine's books are the best sellers among the somewhat more advanced works. That their sales are perhaps higher than their quality really merits is due to a popular misconception. In a tournament A's score may be 6 wins, 3 draws, and he may finish top. B's may be 3 wins and 6 draws, so that he finishes eighth. B may be infinitely the better writer and expounder of the game and inferior—if it were but realised—only by the merest shade as a player. But, in their pathetic search for the magic key to success, the public will buy ten of A's books to one of B's. This is the popular misconception: that the better player must be the better teacher. Capablanca's books are definitely inferior, but they had great sales whilst he was World Champion.

This appraisal of books, on the basis of the author's ability as a player rather than as a teacher, would be more than mistaken, it would be actively dangerous and misleading, were not chess masters on the whole well-educated men. The dangers are greater the more elementary the matter. Would you employ a university professor of English to teach a two-year-old baby to speak? Would you call on Sir Malcolm Campbell to teach your wife to drive the family Ford? Chess players do, in effect.

THE POWER OF A NAME.

A leading chess master writhes in anguish as he tries to force himself, in answer to public demand, to recall the difficulties he encountered in learning the game thirty or forty years before. Who can blame him if the result is a hotch-potch? A few streets away sits a professional chess-writer engaged smoothly and accurately in the work to which his whole lifetime has accustomed him. He has been moving all day among medium-strength players, observing their weaknesses, their strengths and their unexpected wants. He plays chess himself a class better than any of them—not ten classes better, but one class better. He knows exactly what they want and exactly how to supply it.

Among the non-masters, I rate Fred Reinfeld and J. du Mont high, but E. A. Znosko-Borovsky a shade higher. Among the masters I consider Nimzowitsch over-rated, Euwe under-rated (possibly because he writes too much), Alekhine and Reti very fine, but Fine excellent.

Don't be misled by a great name! On the other hand, don't accuse me of saying that every book written by a non-master on chess is good. I recall at least one book about chess, written by a man who obviously didn't know anything about the game at all. It remained for some months a complete mystery to me how a man could persuade publishers to accept, print and publish a book about chess whose defects were obvious to any reader who had played half-a-dozen games. One day, in perusing the publishers' book list, the mystery was solved in a flash of understanding. He had written an enormously popular book on "Kiss-in-the-Ring" and similar Christmas party games!

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A RIVAL FOR "JANE"?

MARIA EDGEWORTH is an authoress little read to-day. This is a pity. For she inspired Scott (in three separate prefaces to his novels he draws attention to the fact that it was "the works of my accomplished friend" which made him feel that "something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland"). She put new life into the English novel at a time when it was in the doldrums, and at least one of her books, "Castle Rackrent," in addition to being a perfect mirror of the Ireland at the turn of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, remains as fresh as a human document as when it was written.

"Maria Edgeworth," by Isabel C. Clarke (Hutchinson; 18s.), is a pleasantly-written, full-length biography. Maria Edgeworth must have been a remarkable woman. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth, must be considered in conjunction with her. This "claret-visaged" man with the loud laugh and the immense uxoriousness—he married four wives and had twenty-two children by them—was all that the late eighteenth century considered worthy. Throughout his life he exhorted his progeny, and particularly his child by his first wife and lifelong confidante, estate manager and friend, Maria, to be of USE (the capitals are his). Indeed, Mme. de Staël, Maria's great rival as a literary lioness, found fault with what she called the "tristes utilités" which marred for her Maria's otherwise admirable productions. It was not surprising, for with the exception of "Castle Rackrent," every one of Maria's books was written in the corner of a communal sitting-room teeming with other Edgeworth offspring, boomed through by her father's bonhomie. Every line was submitted to him for criticism and every book tended to be burdened with a preface from him unnecessarily underlining its moral. But this tiny creature, who only had one love-affair—with a Swedish diplomat in Paris for whom she found she could not renounce friends and family—won all hearts, including (no mean feat) those of three stepmothers, one younger than herself, and all their children. Tiny indeed she was (for at her finishing school she was nearly literally "finished" by a drastic attempt to increase her height by hanging her every day), but her sway over her contemporaries and her contribution to the modern novel was equally great.

If Miss Clarke's book is an excellently comprehensive "life," P. H. Newby's "Maria Edgeworth" (Home and Van Thal; 6s.), in the "English Novelists" series, contains in its condensed pages fuller descriptions (for those unfamiliar with them) of the books themselves. These two books should be read together—and I shall be surprised if between them they do not create an interest in and vogue for Maria and a school of devoted "Edgeworthites" almost as fanatical as for her contemporary, Jane Austen. If I had to choose between them—like the rowing Blue faced in "divers" with a choice between the Kings of Israel and the Minor prophets—I might be swayed (adversely) by the dust-cover on Miss Clarke's book. Where a dust-cover is well designed and pleasing, I like to keep it on for the period of its natural life. It should decorate a bookshelf and it adds a year or two of life to the cover itself before that has to be exposed to dust and sun. For some reason best known to themselves, Messrs. Hutchinson have evolved a type of jacket consisting of a shiny paper, tacky to the finger-tips, unattractive to the eye, and even (as it reminds me of the smell of "dope" in aircraft factories) unpleasant to the nose.

Mme. de Staël, who was, as I say, Maria Edgeworth's rival lioness (did not one Regency wit account for her non-appearance at a reception with the explanation that she was "waiting at Harwich till the coast was clear and Miss Edgeworth had left"?), once remarked about Goethe: "Personally, I am not very fond of Goethe—at least, unless he has drunk a bottle of champagne." Goethe, if I remember rightly, returned the compliment about the most formidable, if ardent, blue-stocking of her age. But then, when they met Goethe was already in the transition stage between mere greatness and a myth. As Mr. Humphrey Trevelyan points out in his introduction to Goethe's "Truth and Fantasy: From My Life," edited by J. M. Cohen and translated by Eithne Wilkins and Ernst Kaiser (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 12s. 6d.), when he sat down to write of his early life at the age of sixty-two in 1811 he "knew that he would become a symbolical figure for later generations and he wished to have the moulding of his own myth." With the result "Dichtung und Wahrheit" is a gentle, dozy poking of grey-ashed fires that once flamed and leapt and consumed. Here is only a hint of "Sturm und Drang," of the tremendous love poems that breathe the very essence of the passion and abnegation, the tenderness and cruelty of the loves of a demonic genius. This, for all that his last great love-affair was still thirteen years in the future, is the detached, tolerant record of the wise Prime Minister, the successful Weimar administrator

"—parsing with equitable prose the fragrant diction of the rose."

Still, if one accepts Goethe (as I do) as second only to Shakespeare in all literature, it is a book one should read.

Goethe called himself a "genuine liberal." But as between the "good European" of Weimar and another "good European" in Vienna, Prince Metternich, there was as little to choose as there is between the Conservative and Liberal parties in this country to-day. Professor Peter Viereck has written, under the title, "Conservatism Revisited: or The Revolt Against Revolt" (John Lehmann; 7s. 6d.), the best study of Metternich's conservatism to appear for many years. Metternich gave its name to the modern English Tory Party by suggesting it to Disraeli, who still called him "my dear Master" even after his fall. Too few modern Conservatives have any conception of the theory of conservatism. Professor Viereck restates some of the age-old truths. As thus: "But not all the past is worth keeping. The conservative conserves discriminately, the reactionary indiscriminately"; or "sometimes the conservative orates too pompously about 'maintaining established institutions.' These can be discredited in two ways: by attack from the left or by exploitation from the right"; or "Metternich summarised the conservative's position toward social change in four words when he told the Tsar: 'Stability is not immobility.'" I should like to see this first-class book in every school—and every board-room.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.

NINE HUNDRED YEARS OLD THIS SUMMER: OSLO, CAPITAL OF NORWAY.



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WITH THE SCULPTOR, ANNE GRIMDALEN, SEATED BESIDE IT: A STATUE OF HARALD HAARDRAADE, FOUNDER OF OSLO.



A VIEW OVER THE HARBOUR OF OSLO: NORWAY'S CAPITAL, FOUNDED c. 1050, WAS FORMERLY CALLED KRISTIANIA, AFTER CHRISTIAN IV., WHO REFOUNDED IT, BUT IN 1925 REVERTED TO ITS ORIGINAL NAME.

Oslo, one of the smallest of European capitals, was founded c. 1050 by Harald Haardraade, and this summer its 900th anniversary is commemorated. Celebrations were due to begin on May 14 with the reopening of the newly-restored Cathedral, and May 15 was fixed for the inauguration of the new Town Hall. A team of leading Norwegian artists and craftsmen have for years been engaged on the adornment of the interior of this building. Oslo, being timber-built, has suffered greatly from fires and from war devastations, and thus contains few ancient

monuments. Some 150 years ago it was but an overgrown village, but the stimulus of freedom—from Denmark, 1814, and from Sweden, 1905—made her a city of European rank, and her population of 15,000 in 1825 is now over 400,000. Her position at the head of a fjord, and amid hills and pine forests, provides her citizens with easily-reached playgrounds. Her main street, Karl-Johans Gade, is dominated by the Palace and contains the University and Parliament buildings. The Akershus fortress stands watch over the harbour.



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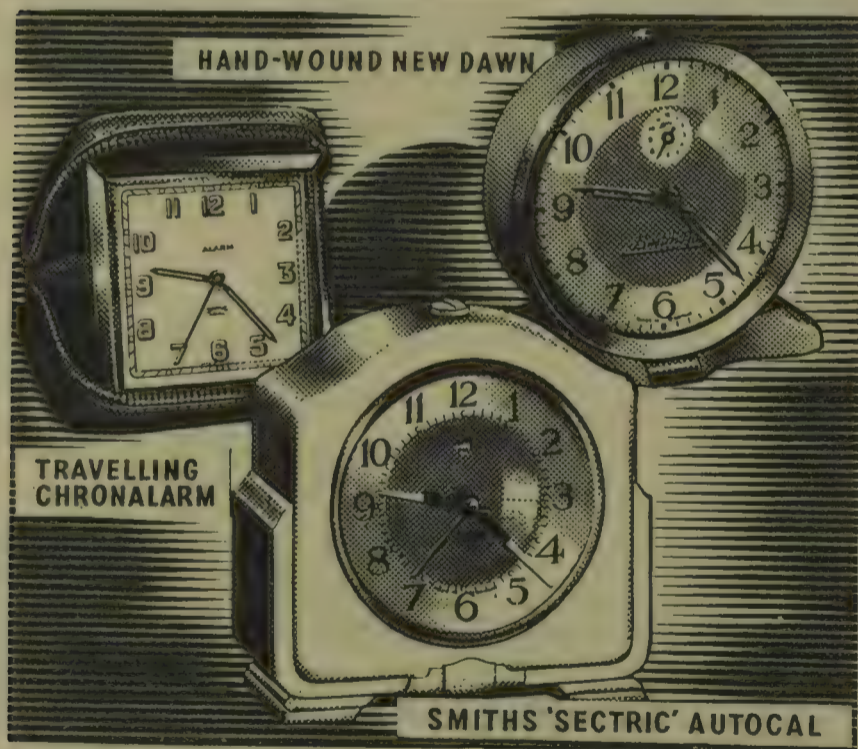
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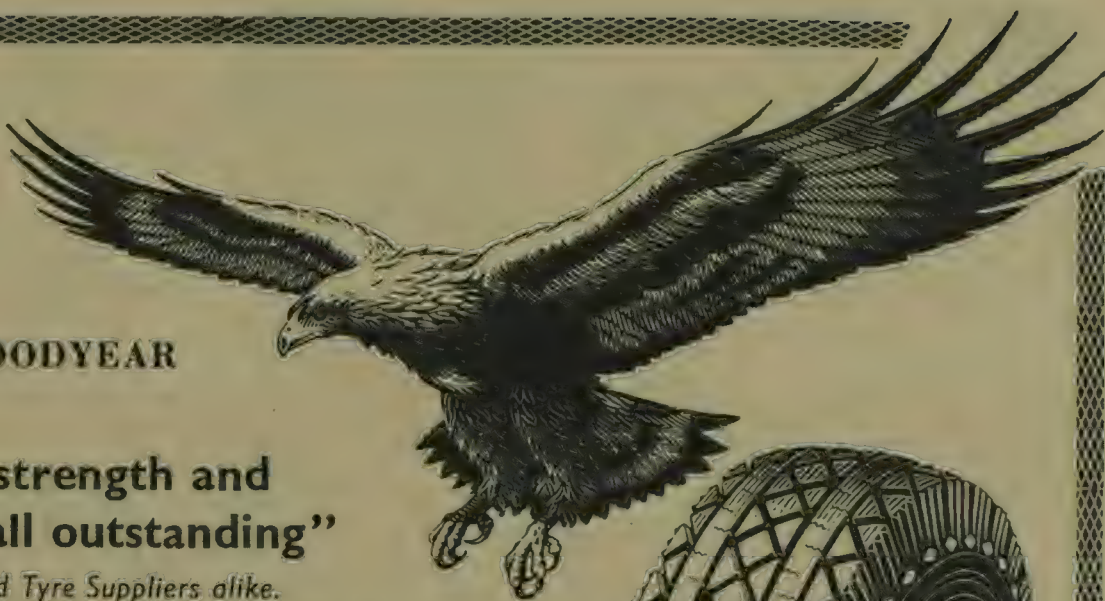
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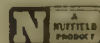
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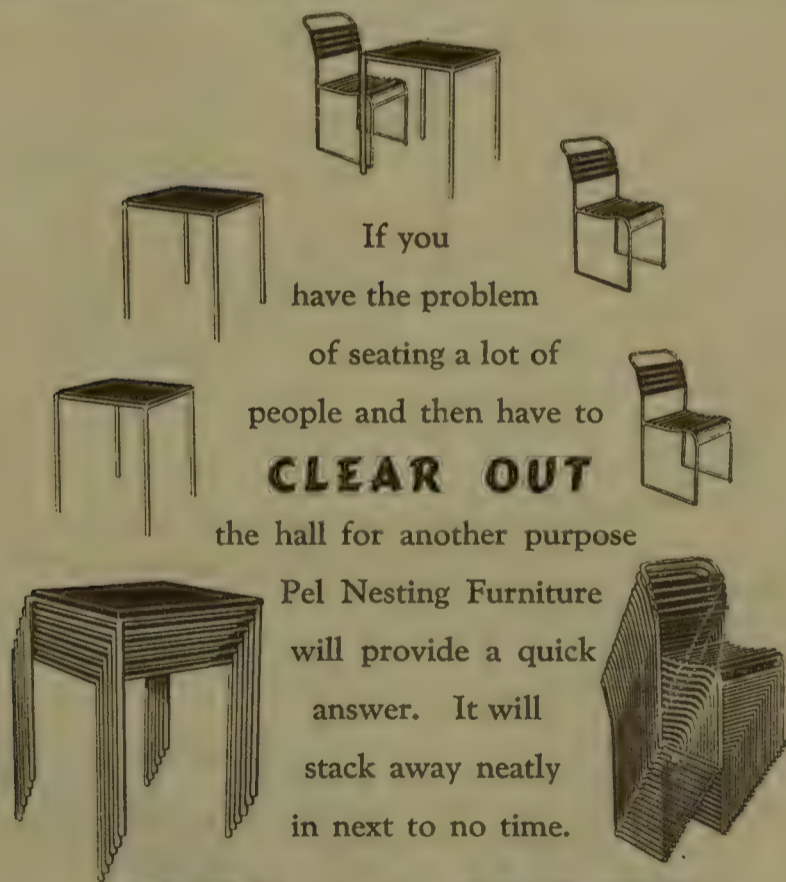
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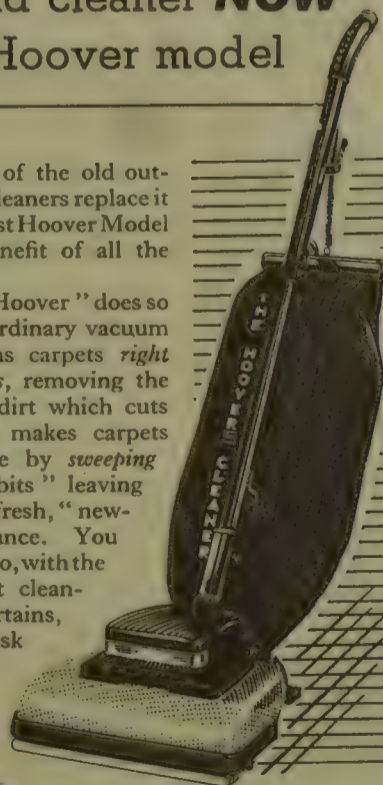


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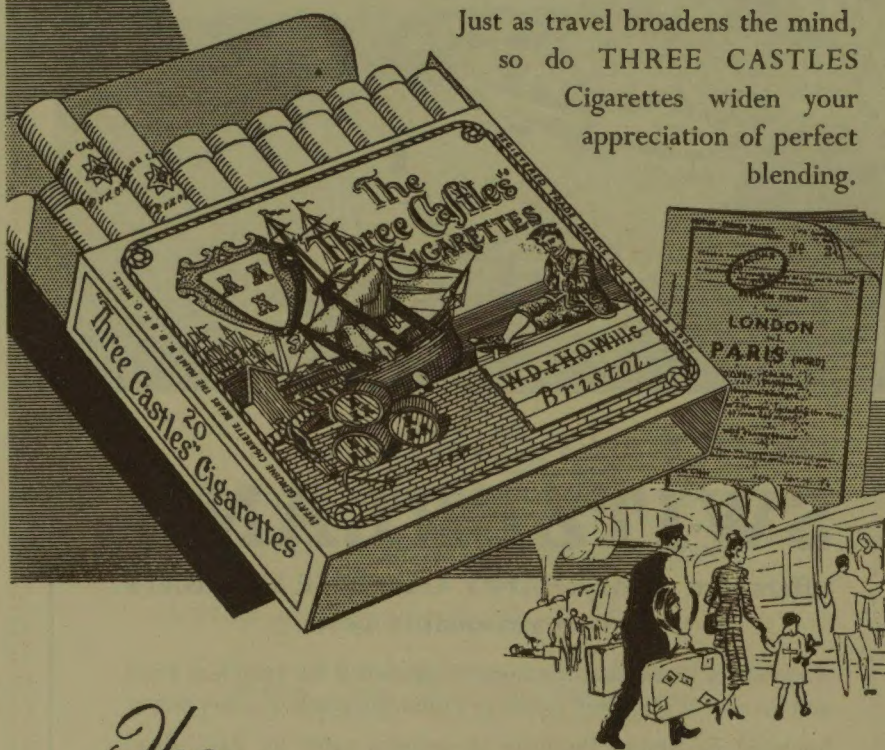
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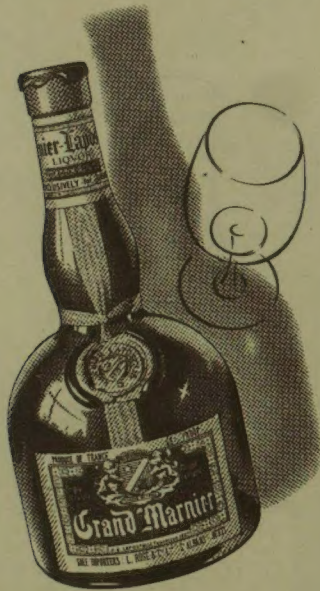


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